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CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

"I would not profit by killing you—just now," mused Howland, seating himself again on the box and resting his chin in the palm of his hand as he looked across at the other. "But that's a pretty good intimation that I'm desperate and mean business, Croisset. We won't quarrel about the things I've asked you. What I'm here for is to see Meleese. Now—how is that to happen?"

"For the life of me I don't know," replied Jean, as calmly as though a bullet had not nipped the edge of his ear a moment before. "There is only one way I can see, M'seur, and that is to wait and watch from this mountain top until Meleese drives out her dogs. She has her own team, and in ordinary seasons frequently goes out alone or with one of the women at the post. Mon Dieu, she has had enough sledge-riding of late, and I doubt if she will find pleasure in her dogs for a long time."

"I had planned to use you," said Howland, "but I've lost faith in you. Honestly, Croisset, I believe you would stick me in the back almost as quickly as those murderers down there."

"Not in the back, M'seur," smiled the Frenchman, unmoved. "I have had opportunities to do that. Non, since that fight back there I do not beeve that I want to kill you."

"But I would be a fool to trust you. Isn't that so?"

"Not if I gave you my word. That is something we do not break up here as you do down among the Wekusko people, and farther south."

"But you murder people for pastime—eh, my dear Jean?"

Croisset shrugged his shoulders without speaking.

"See here, Croisset," said Howland, with sudden earnestness, "I'm almost tempted to take a chance with you. Will you go down to the post tonight, in some way gain access to Meleese, and give her a message from me?"

"And the message—what would it be?"

"It would bring Meleese up to this cabin—tonight."

"Are you sure, M'seur?"

"I am certain that it would. Will you go?"

"Non, M'seur."

"The devil take you!" cried Howland angrily. "If I was not certain that I would need you later I'd garrote you where you sit."

He rose and went to the old stove. It was still capable of holding fire and as it had grown too dark outside for the smoke to be observed from the post, he proceeded to prepare a supper of hot coffee and meat. Jean watched him in silence, and not until food and drink were on the table did the engineer himself break the silence.

"Of course, I'm not going to feed you," he said curtly, "so I'll have to free your hands. But be careful,"

"I might assassinate you with a fork!" chuckled the Frenchman softly, his black eyes laughing over his coffee cup. "I drink your health, M'seur, and wish you happiness!"

"You lie!" snapped Howland.

Jean lowered his cup without drinking.

"It's the truth, M'seur," he insisted. "Since that bee-utiful fight back there I cannot help but wish you happiness. I drink also to the happiness of Melesse, also to the happiness of those who tried to kill you on the trail and at the cayote. But, Mon Dieu, how is it all to come. Those at the post are happy because they believe that you are dead. You will not be happy until they are dead. And Meleese—how will all this bring happiness to her? I can tell you that I am as deep in trouble as you, M'seur Howland. May the Virgin strike me dead if I'm not!"

He drank, his eyes darkening gloomily. In that moment there flashed into Howland's mind a memory of the battle that Jean had fought for him on the Great North Trail.

"You nearly killed one of them—that night—at Prince Albert," he said slowly. "I can't understand why you fought for me then and won't help me now. But you did. And you're afraid to go down there—"

"Until I have grown a beard," interrupted Jean with a low, chuckling laugh. "You would not be the only one to die if they saw me again like this. But that is enough, M'seur. I will say no more."

"I really don't want to make you uncomfortable, Jean," Howland apologized, as he secured the Frenchman's hands again after they had satisfied their hearty appetites, "but unless you swear by your Virgin or something else that you will make no attempt to call assistance I shall have to gag you. What do you say?"

"I will make no outcry, M'seur. I give you my word for that."

With another length of babeesh Howland tied his companion's legs.

"I'm going to investigate a little," he explained. "I am not afraid of your voice, for if you begin to shout I will hear you first. But with your legs free you might take it into your head to run away."

"Would you mind spreading a blanket on the floor, M'seur? If you are gone long this box will grow hard and sharp."

A few minutes later, after he had made his prisoner as comfortable as possible in the cabin, Howland went again through the fringe of scrub bush to the edge of the ridge. Below him the plain was lost in the gloom of night. He could see nothing of the buildings at the post but two or three lights gleaming faintly through the darkness. Overhead there were no stars; thickening snow shut out what illumination there might have been in the north, and even as he stood looking into the desolation to the west the snow fell faster and the lights grew fainter and fainter until all was a chaos of blackness.

In these moments a desire that was almost madness swept over him. Since his fight with Jean the swift passing of events had confined his thoughts to their one objective—the finding of Meleese and her people. He had assured himself that his every move was to be a cool and calculating one, that nothing, not even his great love—should urge him beyond that reason which had made him a master builder among men. As he stood with the snow falling heavily on him he knew that his trail would be covered before another day—that for an indefinite period he might safely wait and watch for Meleese on the mountain top. And yet, slowly, he made his way down the side of the ridge. A little way out there in the gloom, barely beyond the call of his voice, was the girl for who mhe was willing to sacrifice all that he had ever achieved in life. With each step the desire in him grew—the impulse to bring himself nearer to her, to steal across the plain, to approach in the silent smother of the storm until he could look on the light which Jean Croisset had told him would gleam from her window.

He descended to the foot of the ridge and headed into the plain, taking the precaution to bury his feet deep in the snow that he might have a trail to guide him back to the cabin. At the first he found himself impeded by the low bush. Then the plain became more open, and he knew that there was nothing but the night and the snow to shut out his vision ahead. Still he had no motive, no reason for what he did. The snow would cover his tracks before morning. There would be no harm done, and he might get a glimpse of the light, of her light.

It came on his vision with a suddenness that set his heart leaping. A dog barked ahead of him, so near that he stopped in his tracks, and then suddenly there shot through the snow-gloom the bright gleam of a lamp. Before he had taken another breath he was aware of what had happened. A curtain had been drawn aside in the chaos ahead. He was almost on the walls of the post—and the light gleamed from high up, from the head of the stair!

For a space he stood still, listening and watching. There was no other light, no other sound after the barking of the dog. About him the snow fell with flutering noiselessness and it filled him with a sensation of safety. The sharpest eyes could not see him, the keenest ears could not hear him—and he advanced again until before him there rose out of the gloom a huge shadowy mass that was blacker than the night itself. The one lighted window was plainly visible now, its curtain two-thirds drawn, and as he looked a shadow passed over it. Was it a woman's shadow? The window darkened as the figure within came nearer to it, and Howland stood with clenched hands and wildly beating heart, almost ready to call out softly a name. A little nearer—one more step—and he would know. He might throw a chunk of snow-crust, a cartridge from his belt—and then—

The shadow disappeared. Dimly Howland made out the snow-covered stair, and he went to it and looked up. Ten feet above him the light shone out.

He looked into the gloom behind him, into the gloom out of which he had come. Nothing—nothing but the storm. Swiftly he mounted the stair.

CHAPTER XV.

In the Bedroom Chamber.

Flattening himself closely against the black logs of the wall Howland paused on the platform at the top of the stair. His groping hand touched the jam of a door and he held his breath when his fingers incautiously rattled the steel of a latch. In another moment he passed on, three paces—four—along the platform, at last sinking on his knees in the snow, close under the window, his eyes searched the lighted room an inch at a time. He saw a section of wall at first, dimly illuminated; then a small table near the window covered with books and magazines, and beside it a reclining chair buried thick under a great white bear robe. On the table, but beyond his vision, was the lamp.

He drew himself a few inches more through the snow, leaning still farther ahead, until he saw the foot of a white bed. A little more and he stopped, his white face close to the window-pane.

On the bed, facing him, sat Meleese. Her chin was buried in the cup of her hands, and he noticed that she was in a dressing-gown and that her beautiful hair was loosed and flowing in glistening waves about her, as though she had just brushed it for the night. A movement, a slight shifting of her eyes, and she would have seen him.

He was filled with an almost mastering impulse to press his face closer, to tap on the window, to draw her eyes to him, but even as his hand rose to do the bidding of that impulse something restrained him. Slowly the girl lifted her head, and he was thrilled to find that another impulse drew him back until his ghostly face was a part of the elusive snow-gloom. He watched her as she turned from him and threw back the glory of her hair until it half hid her in a mass of copper and gold; from his distance he still gazed at her, choking and undecided, while she gathered it in three heavy strands and plaited it into a shining braid.

For an instant his eyes wandered. Beyond her presence the room was empty. He saw a door, and observed that it opened into another room, which in turn could be entered through the platform door behind him. With his old exactness for detail he leaped to definite conclusion. These were Meleese's partments at the post, separated from all others—and Meleese was preparing to retire for the night. If the outer door was not locked, and he entered, what danger could there be of interruption? It was late. The post was asleep. He had seen no light but that in the window through which he was staring.

The thought was scarcely born before he was at the platform door. The latch clicked gently under his fingers; cautiously he pushed the door inward and thrust in his head and shoulders. The air inside was cold and frosty. He reached out an arm to the right and his hand encountered the rough-hewn surface of a wall; he advanced a step and reached out to the left. There, too, his hand touched a wall. He was in a narrow corridor. Ahead of him there shone a thin ray of light from under the door that opened into Meleese's room. Nerving himself for the last move, he went boldly to the door, knocked lightly to give some warning of his presence, and entered. Meleese was gone. He closed the door behind him, scarce believing his eyes. Then at the far end of the room he saw a curtain, undulating slightly as if from the movement of a person on the other side of it.

"Meleese!" he called softly.

White and dripping with snow, his face bloodless in the tense excitement of the moment, he stood with his arms half reaching out when the curtain was thrust aside and the girl stood before him. At first she did not recognize him in his ghostly storm-covered disguise. But before the startled cry that was on her lips found utterance the fear that had blanched her face gave place to a swift sweeping flood of color. For a space there was no word between them as they stood separated by the breadth of the room, Howland with his arms held out to her in pleading silence, Meleese with her hands clutched to her bosom, her throat atremble with strange sobbing notes that made no more sound than the fluttering of a bird's wing.

And Howland, as he came across the room to her, found no words to say—none of the things that he had meant to whisper to her, but drew her to him and crushed her close to his breast, knowing that in this moment nothing could tell her more eloquently than the throbbing of his own heart, the passionate pressure of his face to her face, of his great love which seemed to stir into life the very silence that encompassed them.

It was a silence broken after a moment by a short choking cry, the quick-breathing terror of a face turned suddenly up to him robbed of its flush and quivering with a fear that still found no voice in words. He felt the girl's arm straining against him for freedom; her eyes were filled with a staring, questioning horror, as though his presence had grown into a thing of which she was afraid. The change was tonic to him. This was what he had expected—the first terror at his presence, the struggle against his will, and there surged back over him the forces he had reserved for this moment. He opened his arms and Meleese slipped from them, her hands clutched again in the clinging drapery of her bosom.

"I have come for you, Meleese," he said as calmly as though his arrival had been expected. "Jean is my prisoner. I forced him to drive me to the old cabin up on the mountain, and he is waiting there with the dogs. We will start back tonight—now." Suddenly he sprang to her again, his voice breaking into a low pleading cry. "My God, don't you see now how I love you?" he went on, taking her white face between his two hands. "Don't you understand, Meleese? Jean and I have fought—he is bound hand and foot up there in the cabin—and I am waiting for you—for you—" He pressed her face against him, her lips so close that he could feel their quavering breath. "I have come to fight for you—if you won't go," he whispered tensely. "I don't know why your people have tried to kill me, and it makes no difference to me now. I want you. I've wanted you since that first glimpse of your face through the window, since the fight on the trail—every minute, every hour, and I won't give you up as long as I'm alive. If you won't go with me—if you won't go now—tonight—" He held her closer, his voice trembling in her hair. "If you won't go—I'm going to stay with you!"

There was a thrilling decisive note in his last words, a note that carried with it more than all he had said before, and as Meleese partly drew way from him again she gave a sharp cry of protest.

"No—no—no—" she panted, her hands clutching at his arm. "You must go back now—now—" She pushed him toward the door, and as he backed a step, looking down into her face, he saw the choking tremble of her white throat, heard again the fluttering terror in her breath. "They will kill you if they find you here," she urged. "They think you are dead—that you fell through the ice and were drowned. If you don't believe me, if you don't believe that I can never go with you, tell Jean—"

Her words semed to choke her as she struggled to finish.

"Tell Jean what?" he questioned softly.

"Will you go—then?" she cried with sobbing eagerness, as if he already understood her. "Will you go back if Jean tells you everything—everything about me—about—"

"No," he interrupted.

"If you only knew—then you would go back, and never see me again. You would understand—"

"I will never understand,' he interrupted again. "I say that it is you who do not understand, Meleese! I don't care what Jean would tell me. Nothing that has ever happened can make me not yant you. Don't you understand? Nothing. I say—nothing that has happened—that can ever happen—unless—"

For a moment he stopped, looking straight into her eyes.

"Nothing—nothing in the world, Meleese," he repeated almost in a whisper, "unless you did not tell me the truth back on the trail at Wekusko when you said that it was not a sin to love you."

"And if I tell you—if I confess that it is a sin, that I lied back there—then will you go?" she demanded quickly.

Her eyes flamed on him with a strange light.

"No," he said calmly. "I would not believe you."

"But it is the truth. I lied—lied terribly, and—and you must go. Don't you understand me now? If some one should come—and find you here—"

"There would be a fight," he said grimly. "I have come prepared to fight." He waited a moment, and in the silence the brown head in front of him dropped slowly and he saw a tremor pass through the slender form, as if it had been torn by an instant's pain. The pallor had gone from Howland's face. The mute surrender in the bowed head, the soft sobbing notes that he heard now in the girl's breath, the confession that he read in her voiceless grief set his heart leaping, and again he drew her close into his arms and turned her face up to his own. There was no resistance now, no words, no pleading for him to go; but in her eyes he saw the prayerful entreaty with which she had come to him on the Wekusko trail, and in the quivering red mouth the same torture and love and half-surrender that had burned themselves into his soul there. Love, triumph, undying faith shone in his eyes, and he crushed her face closer until the love y mouth lay pouted like a crimson rose for him to kiss.

"You—you told me something that wasn't true—once—back there," he whispered, "and you promised that you wouldn't do it again. You haven't sinned—in the way that I mean, and in the way that you want me to believe." His arms tightened still more about her, and his voice was suddenly filled with a tense quick eagerness. "Why don't you tell me everything?" he asked. "You believe that if I knew certain things I would never want to see you again, that I would go back into the South. You have told me that. Then—if you want me to go—why don't you reveal these things to me? If you can't do that, go with me tonight. We will go anywhere—to the ends of the earth—"

He stopped at the look that had come into her face. Her eyes were turned to the window. He saw them filled with a strange terror, and involuntarily his own followed them to where the storm was beating softly against the windowpane. Close to the lighted glass was pressed a man's face. He caught a flashing glimpse of a pair of eyes staring in at them, of a thick, wild beard whitened by the snow. He knew the face. When life seemed slipping out of his throat he had looked up into it that night of the ambush on the Great North Trail. There was the same hatred, the same demoniac fierceness in it now.

Pith a quick movement Howland sprang away from the girl and leveled his revolver to where the face had been. Over the shining barrel he saw only the taunting emptiness of the storm. Scarcely had the face disappeared when there came the loud shout of a man, the hoarse calling of a name, and then of another, and after that the quick furious opening of the outer door.

Howland whirled, his weapon pointing to the only entrance. The girl was ahead of him and with a warning cry he swung the muzzle of his gun upward. In a moment she has pushed the bolt that locked the room from the inside and had leaped back to him, her face white, her breath breaking in fear. She spoke no word, but with a moan of terror caught him by the arm and pulled him past the light and beyond the thick curtain that had hidden here when he had entered the room a second room, palely lighted by a mass of coals gleaming through the open door of a box stove and with a second window looking out into the thick night. Fiercely she dragged him to the window, her fingers biting deep into the flesh of his arm.

"You must go—through this!" she cried chokingly. "Quick! Oh, my God, won't you hurry? Won't you go?"

Howland had stopped. From the blackness of the corridor there came the beat of heavy fists on the door and the rage of a thundering voice demanding admittance. From out in the night it was answered by the sharp barking of a dog and the shout of a second voice.

"Why should I go?" he asked. "I told you a few moments ago that I had come prepared to fight, Meleese. I shall stay—and fight!"

"Please—please go!" she sobbed, striving to pull him nearer to the window. "You can go away in the storm. The snow will cover your trail. If you stay they will kill you—kill you—"

"I prefer to fight and be killed rother than to run away without you," he interrupted. "If you will go—"

She crushed herself against his breast

"I can't go—now—this way—" she urged. "But I will come to you. I promise that—I will come to you." For an instant her hands clasped his face. "Will you go—if I promise you that?"

"You swear that you will follow me—that you will come down to the Wekusko? My God! are you telling me the truth, Meleese?"

"Yes, yes, I will come to you—if you go now." She broke from him, and he heard her fumbling at the window. "I will come—I will come—but not to Wekusko. They will follow you there. Go back to Prince Albert—to the hotel where I looked at you through the window. I will come there—sometime—as soon as I can—"

A blast of cold air swept into his face. He had thrust his revolver into its holster and now again for an instant he held Meleese close in his arms.

"You will be my wife?" he whispered.

He felt her throbbing against him. Suddenly her arms tightened around his neck.

"Yes, if you want me then—if you want me after you know what I am. Now, go—please, please go."

He pulled himself through the window, hanging for a last moment to the ledge.

"If you fail to come—within a month—I shall return," he said.

Her hands were at his face again. Once more, as on the trail at Le Pas, he felt the sweet pressure of her lips.

"I will come," she whispered.

Her hands thrust him back and he was forced to drop to the snow below. Scarcely had his feet touched when there sounded the fierce yelp of a dog close to him, and as he darted away into the smother of the storm the brute followed at his heels, barking excitedly in the manner of the mongrel curs that had found their way up from the south. Between the dog's alarm and the loud outcry of men there was barely time in which to draw a breath. From the stair platform came a fusillade of rifle shots that sang through the air above Howland's head, and mingled with the fire was a hoarse voice urging on the cur that followed within a leap of his heels.

The presence of the dog filled the engineer with a fear that he had not anticipated. Not for an instant did the brute give slack to his tongue as they raced through the night, and Howland knew now that the storm and the darkness were of little avail in his race for life. There was but one chance, and he determined to take it. Gradually he slackened his pace, drawing and cocking his revolver; then he turned suddenly to confront the yelping Nemesis behind him. Three times he fired in quick succession at a moving blot in the snow-gloom, and there went up a wailing cry that he knew was caused by the deep bite of lead.

Again he plunged on, a muffled shout of defiance on his lips. Never had the fire of battle raged in his veins as now. Back in the window, listening in terror, praying for him, was Meleese. The knowledge that she was there, that at last he had won her and was fighting for her, stirred him with a joy that was next to madness. Nothing could stop him now. He loaded his revolver as he ran, slackening his pace as he covered greater distance, for he knew that in the storm his trail could be followed scarcely faster than a walk.

He gave no thought to Jean Croisset, bound hand and foot in the little cabin on the mountain. Even as he had clung to the window for that last moment it had occurred to him that it would be folly to return to the Frenchman. Meleese had promised to come to him, and he believed her, and for that reason Jean was no longer of use to him. Alone he would lose himself in that wilderness, alone work his way into the south, trusting to his revolver for food and to his compass and the matches in his pocket for life. There would be no sledge trail for his enemies to follow, no treachery to fear. It would take a thousand men to find him after the night's snow had covered up his retreat, and if one should find him they two would be alone to fight it out.

For a moment he stopped to listen and stare futilely into the blackness behind him. When he turned to go on his heart stood still. A shadow had loomed out of the night half a dozen paces ahead of him, and before he could raise his revolver the shadow was lightened by a sharp flash of fire. Howland staggered back, his fingers loosening his grip on his pistol, and as he crumpled down into the snow he heard over him the hoarse voice that had urged on the dog. After that there was a space of silence, of black chaos in which he neither reasoned nor lived, and then there came to him faintly the sound of other voices. Finally all of them were lost in one—a moaning, sobbing voice that was calling his name again and again, a voice that seemed to reach to him from out of an infinity of distance, and that he knew was the voice of Meleese. He strove to speak, to lift his arms, but his tongue was lead, his arms as though fettered with steel bands.

The voice died away. He lived through a cycle of speechless, painless night into which finally a gleam of dawn returned. He felt as if years were passing in his effort to move, to lift himself out of chaos. But at last he won. His eyes opened, he raised himself. His first sensation was that he was no longer in the snow and that the storm was not beating into his face. Instead there encompassed him a damp, dungeon-like chill. Everywhere there was blackness—everywhere except in one spot, where a little yellow eye of fire watched him and blinked at him. At first he thought that the eye must be miles and miles away. But it came quickly nearer—and still nearer—until at last he knew that it was a candle burning with the silence of a death taper a yard or two beyond his feet.

(To be continued.)

An English Forecast of American Politics

(The following summary and forecast of American politics was printed in the Westminster Gazette the most representative Liberal evening paper published in London. Sydney Brooks, the writer of the article, which is here given only in part, is known in England as an authority on politics in many lands. His monthly letter to the North American Review on British affairs for some years has been one of the most illuminating records of imperial happenings printed in this country.)

THE Republican party passed the Payne Tariff Act; the Republican party has suffered the consequences. That is at once the briefest and most tangible explanation of the foreseen, but none the less astonishing results of the elections. It does not, indeed, cover the whole ground. But substantially one may date the alienations of the "man in the cars" from Mr. Taft's administration, and the rise of "insurgency" in the Republican ranks, from the passing of the new Tariff Act. The act, in the first place, was held to be a breach of political faith. The Republicans in their presidential platform of two years ago promised revision downyards. What they actually carried out was revision upwards. Or so, at any rate, the masses believed. In a vast and complicated tariff covering thousands of articles, and loaded in every schedule with repulsive and, for the most part, unintelligible technicalities, a professional economist would hesitate to dogmatize on such a point.

But the average American is not a professional economist. He saw that seven Republican senators from the Middle West voted against the bill in its final form, an incident without parallel in the history of the party; he was incessantly and vehemently assured by them that the net result of the process of revision was to make the new tariff more onerous and protectionist that its predecessor; and he had the president's own admission that he had not succeeded in obtaining a measure that corresponded with the pledges of the Republican platform. He adopted, therefore, without further inquiry, the view that the Republicans had violated their promises and had increased, instead of lowering the Dingley rates. And having come to that conclusion he at once—more naturally, perhaps, than scientifically—began to hold the Payne tariff mainly responsible for the inordinate rise in the cost of living, which to many millions of Americans, is the question of questions. But what chiefly revolted him was the manner in which the Payne tariff act came to be framed; the squalid, feverish, chaotic struggle of all the "interests" in the country to get their heads into the trough; the spectacle of the organized and predatory few riding roughshod over the disjointed and defenseless many; the sinister exhibition that was presented of what industrial cupidity allied with conscienceless politics could accomplish in the way of perverting a national policy to private ends.

* * *

The Payne Tariff Act, in short, linked itself at once and inevitably with the larger question of the dominance of wealth over the political and economic life of the commonwealth. It became a symbol of that alliance between crooked politics and crooked business which Americans now recognize as one of the fundamental problems that they have to solve. It furnished an object-lesson of the power of privilege to sacrifice the general good to "special interests." "Privilege—there is the enemy," is the motto under which Mr. Roosevelt has fought and harangued for the past 10 years; and his propaganda has undoubtedly been the most powerful of the many influences that have compelled Americans to concentrate their thoughts on the position that corporate wealth should hold in a democratic society. They saw in the Payne Tariff Act a flagrant example of that plutocratic power which must be broken or at least subjugated if the realities of self-government and any sort of "equality of opportunity" are to be preserved.

The schism in the Republican ranks of which the tariff was the starting point soon spread over the whole field of domestic policy. For the past decade or so two elements—one conservative and the other radical—have been visible in the party; the conservatives being in the main the old-time leaders, like Senators Aldrich and Hale in the upper house and Mr. Cannon in the lower, and the radicals being newcomers like Senators LaFollette, Beveridge and Dolliver. Mr. Roosevelt's presidency was one long attempt to force radical measures through Congress by bringing the power of public opinion to bear upon the conservatives. He bent them at times, but he never really broke them; they still controlled the party and the course of legislation when Mr. Taft came to the White House.

Assuming at once the command of the radicals and pointedly omitting to say a good word for Mr. Taft's administration, the ex-President formulated in the course of his Western tour a program which we in England would laugh at as the merest Whigism, but which struck quite a number of otherwise rational Americans as not merely radical but revolutionary. At the same time, he plunged into the fray in New York state, captured the convention on behalf of a candidate of his own way of thinking, and so vehemently assailed the "old guard" that both they and their Wall Street patrons threw all party ties to the winds in a supreme effort to defeat him, believing that if he won he would become the inevitable candidate for the presidency two years hence, and that if he were beaten his power would be broken for good and all.

* * *

How, then, is the election to be regarded? I doubt whether any inference can safely be drawn from it, unless it be that the American people are once more, and perhaps a little more earnestly than ever, in revolt, not so much against protection as a fiscal creed, as against its political accompaniments. For the rest, while Mr. Roosevelt, as he fully expected, has been beaten, neither he nor his policy of the "new nationalism" is done for. On the contrary, and apart from New York, where the conditions were exceptional, the states in which the Republicans most successfully held their own were precisely those in which their program and organization were most completely under the control of the radicals. It seems reasonable, therefore, to expect that Mr. Roosevelt will work harder than ever to inoculate the Republican party with his own advanced views; and nothing that happened on Tuesday makes one regard the effort as hopeless or Mr. Roosevelt himself as outside the presidential possibilities of 1912. That he has already practically broken with Mr. Taft, and that the near future will reveal a definite breach between the two men, is held by those who are on the spot to be one of the few certainties of the situation; and one must, of course, bear in mind that the result of the election was a far heavier blow to the reigning president than to his predecessor. It virtually eliminated Mr. Taft as a presidential candidate; it cannot be said to have eliminated Mr. Roosevelt.

* * *

When Wall street, however, supporting the Democrats in New York, and yet confounded by the magnitude of their triumph in other states; with the country rebuking the Republican conservatives by voting for the Democrats, who, for their part, are thanking heaven they have got rid of Bryanite radicalism; with a president confronted by two legislative chambers, one of which is completely and the other all but completely under the control of his opponents; with the two wings of the Republican party fighting fiercely for predominance; with a general relaxation of party ties and such a ferment in the public mind as has hardly been known since the civil war—prediction, or even analysis becomes a matter of obvious hazard. But I think it may be said that the probabilities point to a reconstruction of the Republican party on a radical basis and to the nomination either of Mr. Roosevelt himself or of a man of his views as the presidential candidate two years hence.

Mark Twain on the Potato.

"Among the many pranks of Mark Twain's journalistic days," said a Virginia City editor, "was the concoction of a speech that was put upon a famous senator.

The senator had attended a Virginia City banquet, but had not spoken. He had a sore throat. A brother from a rival paper reached the banquet late.

"What did the senator speak about?" the newcomer whispered to Mark Twain.

"'He made a very interesting speech on the potato,' was the reply.

"'The potato, eh? That's odd. Let's have the points, will you?'

"'With pleasure,' said Mark Twain, and he dictated a half-column that the reporter duly printed the next morning as the distinguished senator's valuable contribution to agricultural science. The speech began like this:

"'Ladies and gentlemen, had it been my lot to be born and reared in Ireland, where my food would have principally consisted of the potato—that most salubrious and nutritious root—I should now be, instead of the poor, infirm, stunted creature you see before you, a tall, stout, athletic man, able to carry an enormous weight.'"

Exit the Plough Horse.

National Magazine.

Within 10 years approximately 8,000,000 acres of farm land in the United States and western Canada have been taken away from the horse and turned over to the steam and fuel engine to be ploughed.

The farmers of Illinois, Iowa, Indiana and other parts of the corn belt are beginning to follow the example set by the owners of larger farms in the newer prairie sections. The improvements made within the last few years in the smaller traction engine using gasoline or oil have also solved many of the problems presented in the "moist" district of soft soils and small farms which the old and larger steam traction engines could not meet.

The Census Outgrown

IT was only the other day that the population of the United States was officially announced. Many of the smaller cities have not yet been told how many people they contained last April. All of the census figures are subject to slight changes by revision. And already the census is left far behind the truth.

In the 10 years from 1900 to 1910 the growth of the United States, not including the island possessions of the republic, was at the rate of about 1,600,000 a year. In the early part of the decade the average gain must have been less than that number. In the later years it was more.

Since last April two-thirds of a year has elapsed. The growth of the United States in that peroid has evidently been more than two-thirds of 1,600,000. It cannot have fallen short of 1,075,000, and it may have been 1,200,000 or more. The growth of the country is much more rapid in spring, summer and early autumn than it is in late fall and winter. Immigration drops far down in the cold months and emigration is heavy.

So it is clear that already the census total is about 1,100,000 short of the truth. Every day it falls farther below the actual present population, except on days when several steamers sail for Europe, with many immigrants returning, for the winter or permanently, to their own countries.

Since the census was taken last spring Ohio has gained at least 45,000. Probably the increase has been 50,000 or more. In the decade before 1910 the growth of the state was over 60,000 a year, on the average, and in the most favorable two-thirds of an uncommonly flourishing year the increase must have been many thousands more than two-thirds of 60,000.

The same system of calculating present population shows that Cleveland, after gaining at the rate of almost 18,000 year for the last 10 years, must have added more than two-thirds of 18,000, or 12,000, since the official enumeration last April. Instead of a city of 560,000 inhabitants, the Cleveland of today has not less than 572,000. It is quite safe to say that the present population is fully 575,000.

In like manner Toledo has added not less than 2,500 to its population, with the probabilities strongly in favor of 3,000 or more. Columbus has gained 2,500 or upwards. Cincinnati's increase, aside from considerable increment by annexations of suburan municipalities, has been not far from 2,100. Youngstown's growth has been 2,300, at least. The true figures may be 3,000 or more.

New York city, with its enormous gains from immigration and the inflow of men and women from all parts of the country, has undoubtedly added nearly 100,000 to its millions since the census was taken last spring. That enumeration proved that its growth had been averaging about 132,000 a year for 10 years, and the gains of the later years of the decade must have run up to 140,000 or even 150,000 annually. In the two-thirds of a year since last April the growth of the metropolis can hardly have fallen below 95,000, and it may have exceeded 100,000.

The Empire state, of which the immense city of the same name is the most populous half, gained at the rate of more than 180,000 a year from 1900 to 1910. Therefore, it is safe to say that its increase since last April has been not less than 125,000, with an excellent chance for 140,000 or even 150,000. The state has added the equivalent of the population of a city like Syracuse, or one-third of Buffalo.

Such facts show that the most accurate statistics of the population of the United States and its leading cities and states become stale almost as soon as they are printed. The facts outrun the figures of every census before the names can be tabulated and footed up. In many cases, as the proof given attests, the changes are so swift and sweeping that they leave the census far behind a few months after it is taken.

Woods in Winter.

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorne blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day.

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year—
I listen, and it cheers me long.

—Longfellow.

CATCHING WILD ANIMALS

Traps for Leopards—Grain Jar to Hold Greedy Monkeys.

The Asian.

Leopards were caught in nooses made of cat or monkey gut. The tiger, the leopard and the panther have all the cat's habit of sharpening and cleaning their claws on tree trunks, but whether it is true that preferably they will use a tree that bears previous claw marks I cannot say.

It would be interesting to have the opinion of some one experienced on the subject. However, the pursuers are believed to have selected such a tree and round and about the trunk of it set their strong gut snares, and sometimes the cheetah remained secured by the leg. Sure it is that some snare is used for these beasts, for they are still to be found in the native state of Rajputana and probably elsewhere, kept for hunting purposes.

A leopard secured for hunting must be caught when he is full grown and accomplished in his knack of pulling downgame, otherwise, however much he were trained, he would never acquire the quickness and perception as in the wild state when he has to secure for himself each and every meal he partakes of.

I have seen these cheetahs tied to ordinary charpoys and taking quite a place of their own among their keepers' families, who seem to fear them not at all. They are carted to the scene of action with hoods on, which are removed when the animal is shown the object of his required exertions.

I have been told that they are always rewarded for a successful chase with a cupful of fresh, warm blood from the victim, and some even say the liver, cut out then and there, is given them. To take possession of these creatures when only noosed to a tree by one leg must need great courage and dexterity, though it seems an easy enough matter to tame them once they are captured.

Monkeys can sometimes be secured by the absurdly simple method of putting some grain in a heavy but small mouthed chatty or gharrah. As soon as Jocko knows what is inside he pops in his fist and fills it full. The object is to have the opening too small to allow his doubled up full fist to be withdrawn. He has not the sense and cunningness that is generally attributed to him evidently, for it does not occur to him in this instance to empty his hand of grain and so get free, for he will go on struggling ineffectively without doing so, as often as not proving his own undoing.

The Army Mule.

New York Mail.

The passing summer has developed no fiction quite so fantastic as the report that the American government has decided to abolish the army mule. To declare that the army itself is to be abolished would not be a whit more preposterous. The army mule will not be done away with for the simple reason that he cannot be. He is here to stay, and in war and peace he will continue to maintain his reputation as one of the most useful factors in our military organization. He is not overly endowed with the fatal gift of beauty, but he has grit, patience and reserve energy in abundance. He is the most uncomplaining of all campaigners, makes himself at home in all latitudes, and whether on the march or in camp, in battle or on parade, he can be counted on to do his full duty. He has been honorably identified with the finest achievements of American arms, and to abolish him would not only be a shabby return for his faithful service, but would rob the army of one of its most valuable supports. Moreover, there is a certain trace of obstinacy in his make-up which leads one to believe that the government couldn't put him out of the army if it tried. There are emergencies in which stubbornness is his long suit.

Would Come.

London Globe.

"It isn't a bad scene," said the manager of the Driven from the Limelight No. 2 company on the road, "but to my mind it lacks a few of those little realistic touches which make all the difference. For instance, it is supposed to be a garden. Here are flowers, yes. But there should be vegetables also." The stage manager smiled meditatively. "It will be all right on the night," he said. "They will be supplied by the audience."

THE RED HOUSE ON ROWAN STREET.

BY ROMAN DOUBLEDAY

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CHAPTER XXIV.

Burton's Last Appearance As An Ambassador.

When Burton parted from Ralston at the latter's office, the day was beginning to break. He went to his hotel, where only a surprised and solitary watchman saw him enter. He walked up to the second floor instead of taking an elevator, and went at once to his room. To his surprise, the door was slightly ajar. He pushed it open,—and faced Mrs. Bussey.

"How did you get into my room?" he demanded in his first surprise.

She did not answer that,—but no other answer than the ring of chambermaid's keys in her hand was necessary. She cowed away from him in the blinking timidity that she had always shown, and then she suddenly bristled up like a wrathful squirrel.

"What have you done with Ben?"

"Did you come here to look for him?"

"He should be home before this! Have they found him out? Have they found him out?"

"Yes, they have found him out. They have taken him to the police station." He spoke as gently as possible. Nothing could make the facts less tragic to her, poor thing.

She wrung her hands. "I wish you had never come here! It would have been all right if you had never come!"

Burton could not blame her for her point of view, since wiser philosophers than she had held before this that right and wrong are merely a way of looking at things. Instead, he asked abruptly:

"What made you take that letter out of my room?"

She stopped her whimpering cry, and with a look of terror darted suddenly past Burton, who did not try to check her, and so out of the room.

So that matter was also explained. She it was who had brought him that note of threat, and afterwards had abstracted it from his room. She probably helped the maids at times, and so had the pass-keys to the rooms, and she was a sufficiently familiar figure to excite no comment by her comings and goings. The whole thing had been a combination of cunning and chance and Mrs. Bussey's low mentality and Ben's insane shrewdness might have kept the whole town in hot water for years longer if Burton had not come upon the scene. The police had been too committed to the Henry Underwood theory to see anything else, until it was actually forced upon them.

A soldier forgets his personal wound in the heat of battle, but when the excitement is past, the smart comes again to his consciousness. As Burton's mind calmed from the excitement of the night, he grew more and more vividly conscious of the exceedingly disagreeable task yet before him,—to give Miss Underwood an account of Mrs. Overman's visit yesterday. It was so inexpressly irksome a commission that he was almost tempted to repeat Mrs. Bussey's wail. Why had he ever come? Now that the condition which she had set had been fulfilled, she would of course expect a certain urgency on his part for her promise. To tell her that his principal had reconsidered the matter and would not ask anything further at her hands was so near an insult, under all the circumstances, that in his perplexity as to how he was to manage the matter he almost forgot to be angry.

As he stood by the window waiting and trying to collect his thoughts, he saw Mr. Hadley walking down the street, producing, quite by himself, all the effect of a procession. The man was funny, but he wasn't half a bad sort! Burton hated to think he should never see him again. He glanced over at the Hadley house, and had a glimpse of Miss Hadley—no, of Mrs. Henry Underwood to be

Silence!

The instinct of modesty natural to every woman is often a great hindrance to the cure of womanly diseases. Women shrink from the personal questions of the local physician which seem indelicate. The thought of examination is abhorrent to them, and so they endure in silence a condition of disease which surely progresses from bad to worse.

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was fully up to the claims of the prospectus."

"There's another matter that I am still somewhat in doubt about," said Burton seriously. "That's Selby's death. I said to Miss Underwood yesterday that I hoped Henry wouldn't shoot Selby when he heard of his engagement to Miss Hadley. I am fairly certain that Mrs. Bussey heard me and repeated the remark to Ben. Also, it seems that I precipitated a quarrel between Ben and Selby about the price of his work. Taking these things together, how far am I responsible for Selby's death?"

The doctor turned to look at him questioningly. "Don't blame yourself for things you only touch at that distance," he said abruptly. "If the little gods use us as instruments to carry out their plans, we have to take that lot with the rest. Perhaps there is justice in their schemes. We all have to take our chances in this skirmishing that we call life,—and death isn't the worst that might happen."

"No," said Burton, with a sign.

The doctor continued to observe him scrutinizingly, but he spoke lightly. "Henry gave me a bad quarter of an hour last night," he said, wrinkling his face in his old, funny grimace. "When I found he had disappeared I thought for a while that my worst nightmares of these past years had come true. That brilliant watch of Watson's didn't even know he was gone. That boy may be—well, a problem, but no one ever suggested he didn't have spirit enough to climb ba tree."

"He will be all right after this. He has been worried by the surrounding atmosphere of suspicion into appearing as a problem, that's all. If that little fool—I beg a thousand pardons. That isn't what I was going to talk about. I intended to say that if your new daughter-in-law, who is a very beautiful girl with a sweet nature, will only praise him enough,—and I think that is likely to be her role,—he will probably be not only happy but good. The poor boy needs coddling."

The doctor listened with the glimmer of a smile under his seriousness.

"We all do. It is the great human need." He twisted his face up inscrutably as he added: "I hope you will get your share."

"Thank you," said Burton. His heart sank suddenly. He hadn't wanted to be reminded of his own needs. "Am I to see Miss Underwood this morning" he asked, facing the inevitable.

"She wishes to see you," said the doctor, somewhat hesitatingly, and a troubled look crossed his face. "She asked me to keep you; I'll tell her you are here." He rose, polishing his glasses painstakingly. He adjusted them carefully on his nose, and then looked over them at Burton. "You saw—I understand that Mrs. Overman was in town yesterday," he said.

"Yes." said Burton uncomfortably. "She was here between trains only. There was no time—"

The doctor raised his hand deprecatingly. "You can tell Leslie about it," he said. At the door he paused. "When the little gods take a hand in any game, there is no use for any of us to borrow responsibility," he said enigmatically, and hastily departed, leaving Burton feeling far from at ease.

He looked about the familiar room with a silent farewell. Here it was that he had seen Leslie fired with generous anger at the attack on her father. By this curtain she had hidden herself away on the evening when that absurd committee came to "investigate," and he had thought of her as a jewel whose beauty could never be concealed. Here he had stood when the sound of her music came to him—

There was a faint sound behind him, and he turned swiftly to face her. She had entered so softly that he had not heard her, and she stood by the door looking at him with a shrinking dread that gave him a pang. She was very pale, and if the dark circles about her eyes did not mean tears, he was at a loss to interpret them.

"What is it? What troubles you?" he asked quickly.

"I am not—" she began. Then she interrupted herself. "Yes, I am troubled and, unhappy and wretched and ashamed,—oh, so ashamed! You will despise me!"

"You are wrong there, at least. Can you tell me—?"

"Yes. I told father I wanted to see you alone. Oh, you mustn't think I am not grateful for what you have done, and thankful beyond words to have Henry cleared and all the truth of things made known. I am. I am so thankful that I shall go softly all my days to remember it. That only makes it worse!"

"Makes what worse?"

"My—defaulting! You did it all because of—of a promise I made you. And I can't keep that promise. I can't. I thought while it was far off that I could, and I didn't let myself think much about it, because I was so anxious to have your help, and nothing, nothing, would be too much to pay for it,—and it wouldn't be, only—I simply can't!"

"Do you mean your promise to Philip?" asked Burton, a light that made him giddy coming over him.

"Yes. I—can't!"

"Why can't you?" he asked.

She caught her breath, and something flashed into her face that went to his head. It was gone in an instant, but in that instant all the wavering lights and shadows and uncertainties through which he had been groping were crystallized into white light.

"Then you don't love Philip?" he said tyrannously.

"No!"

"Didn't you ever love him?"

"No."

"In that case, of course you can't marry him," he smiled.

"I—don't—want—to marry him!"

"Then how about me? Do you love me?"

The crimson tide flooded her face, and she flashed on him a look of surprised reproach, but she did not leave the room with the haughty air that would have been the proper sequel to such a look, for the simple but sufficient reason that by this time he was holding both her hands.

"Is there any least possibility of your caring for me? I have been fathoms deep in love with you for—for ages! I don't know when it began! It has always been! Oh, if you have hated the idea of marrying Philip half as much as I have hated the idea that you would! Leslie!" The way in which he spoke her name really left nothing more to be said.

Somewhat later they came back into the story. She drew a little away to look into Burton's face with dismay on her own.

"But poor Philip! How can we ever tell him?"

"Leave that to me," said Burton, with a queer laugh.

Next week The Blade will begin the thrilling story of Marsan, by Burton E. Stevenson.

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Fakes About Fakes

IN this germ-lectured, fraud-warned, swindle-suspecting age one of the commonest fakes is faking about fakes. Sometimes it is intentional. Often it is ignorant, the result, in large degree, of the gullibility of those who make it their especial business to tell others that they are in danger of being gulled.

A familiar example is the talk of artificial honeycombs filled with artificial honey. Thousands, perhaps millions of Americans believe that they are likely to eat some man-made concoction if they buy honey, either in the comb or extracted. They have read of such frauds or have been told of them by men who claimed to know that what they said was true.

Yet this is all a fake. For many years the great Root apiary at Medina, O., has offered $1,000 for a single artificial honeycomb filled with artificial honey sold or offered for sale in any market of the world. The challenge has never been accepted.

Honey taken from the comb and sold as a liquid may be adulterated, and often, no doubt, it is "doctored," though much of it is perfectly genuine, but the worst that is done with comb honey is to make it too easy for the bees to fill their cells with sweetened water or something else which is not the nectar of flowers.

Nor are there manufactured eggs. They are never sold because they are never made. It might be better, no doubt, to eat almost any artificial substitute for eggs which might be devised, if it were practicable to make them at all, than to eat cake made with decayed eggs, after the charming custom of New York bakers recently exposed but the point is that talk of "fake eggs" is itself faking.

It is often said and widely believed that what purport to be flower perfumes are never made with real flowers but with chemical substitutes for nature's blossoms. Such artificial odors are common enough, but none the less flowers, in enormous quantities are used in making perfumes, in scenting toilet soaps, and for other like purposes.

There are districts such as the vicinity of Grasse, near the coast of the Mediterranean Sea, in France, where flower-growing for perfumers is a field industry, carried on upon a scale similar to market gardening in a region raising vegetables and small fruits for a great city. In the valleys of Bulgaria south of the Balkan Mountains, roses are grown by hundreds of acres for their oil and for the use of their petals in perfumery.

Now and then some visitor to a "zoo," or a traveling menagerie will air his superior shrewdness and information by telling those who happen to be near that a mandril's fantastically colored face is painted or artificially stained, though the big ugly ape's strange hues are as genuine as his surliness and his strength It is another case of the fake detector duped by his own suspicions.

The old warnings to beware of beans and peas in coffee have very little application to existing conditions. Coffee is coffee and nothing else, in so great a majority of the sales made that the fraudulent traffic is hardly worth taking into account at all. It is bought and sold unground, in vast quantities, and coffee in the berry has to be coffee. Anyone could detect any substitution of cheaper substances.

It might be supposed from all that is written and said about fraudulent substitutes for olive oil that the real thing must be very rare, a curiosity of trade. On the contrary, it is produced in enormous bulk, every year, in many countries. The olive oil product of the world would float ships. Spain, Italy and Greece alone make about 3,000,000 barrels—big barrels holding 53 gallons—of olive oil in an average year.

Real lard is also very abundant. Much cottonseed oil is used in competition with it or in place of it, but the genuine hog product is no rarity. On the contrary, it is made and sold in vast quantities every year. No haddock is sold for codfish. The haddock is worth more in the market. Nor is wheat flour adulterated with beans as even public officials have been known to charge. Beans are worth more than wheat. The dearer substance is never sold under the name of the cheaper and instead of it.

Fakes there are in plenty, but there is also faking about fakes, and that is one of the commonest forms of sensationmongering. It does comparatively little harm, but it causes much needless mental disquiet. Often it is stupid, sometimes vicious and not rarely a blend of both.

Too Much Irony.

Chicago Daily News.

In his early days at the bar the late Lord Bowen prosecuted a prisoner who had been caught in a house at night crawling downstairs with his boots off and carrying portable property. The evidence was so overwhelming that Bowen ventured to indulge in a little irony, and remarked on the thoughtfulness of the prisoner in removing his shoes, thus disturbing nobody, and in selecting only solid silver articles from the plate basket, so that the family had enough forks and spoons left for breakfast. The jury were so impressed with these extenuating circumstances that they acquitted the prisoner. Bowen never employed irony again when addressing a jury.

BLACK WALNUTS EASILY GROWN

Unhulled Nuts for Seeding Should Be Kept Moist Over Winter.

Under favorable conditions the black walnut is a tree that is easily grown. The seedlings reach a height of from 12 to 24 inches the first season, and this height growth is exceeded from year to year during the sapling and pole stages of development. Thus nuts should be planted where the trees are to be permanently located for the reason that the seedlings develop a very strong tap root the first season and transplanting is impractical, writes Chas. A. Scott, of the Kansas State Agricultural college.

The nuts mature in October, and they should be gathered soon after they fall from the trees. They should not be hulled as the hull in no way interferes with germination and it protects the kernel from injury by drying. The only treatment necessary before planting is to see that the nuts do not dry out, as drying seriously injures their germinating powers.

Nuts for fall planting keep perfectly in small piles in cool, shaded places. The piles should not be made more than 12 or 15 inches in height, on account of danger of the nuts heating if the pile is large.

For spring planting the nuts should be stratified over winter. They may be stratified in moist sand or leaves in any protected place. In stratifying, a two-inch layer of sand or leaves should alternate with a layer of nuts of the same depth. The pile should be kept moist and allowed to freeze and remain frozen throughout the winter.

The nuts may be planted either in the fall or in the spring with equally good results. The fall planting should be done any time after the nuts are gathered up to the time the ground freezes. The spring planting should be done as soon as the ground is in a workable condition. The danger in delaying planting until later in the season is that the nuts begin to sprout soon after they thaw out, and once through the shell the sprout is easily broken off. It is also necessary to exercise due precaution to prevent the nuts from becoming dry after they have been stratified as the germ is then very delicate and easily injured.

Where and How to Plant.

The ground in which walnuts are to be planted should be thoroughly cultivated for two or three years before the nuts are planted as the trees will not make a satisfactory growth in virgin soil. The black walnut is a tree that requires the deepest, richest soil that can be found along creek and river valleys for its best development, yet at the same time it makes a very satisfactory growth on prairie soil.

The nuts should be planted three feet apart in furrows ten feet apart and not more than four inches in depth. After the nuts are planted the furrows may be filled in with a cultivator. It is not necessary or even desirable to level the ground more than is required to securely cover the nuts. If the furrows are not leveled they will catch the excess of surface water in times of heavy rainfall.

If the nuts cannot be planted in furrows the next best plan is to plant them in seed spots. Seed spots are places where several nuts are planted in an area of 16 or 18 feet in diameter to ultimately form a group of trees. The ground for such planting should be spaded and pulverized so as to increase the moisture-holding capacity of the soil, and from 6 to 10 seeds should be planted in each seed spot.

On account of the black walnut being a lover of moist, rich soils it is very sensitive to dry, parched conditions. It is therefore necessary to give the seedling trees the best of cultivation until they develop a good root system and take possession of the ground. Thorough surface tillage that will maintain a dust mulch is the most desirable cultivation. When it is impossible to give the trees such cultivation, as in the case of seed spot planting, it is a good plan to mulch the ground with straw to keep down the grass and weeds. In all events keep the ground around the seedling trees free of weeds and grass sod.

After the walnut trees are five or six years old it is often advisable to underplant them with such trees as the box elder, green ash, or red cedar, so as to completely shade the ground. Shading the ground and keeping out the weeds and grass are factors vastly more important in tree culture than most people are willing to believe. The walnut has very light foliage and the grasses and weeds soon take the ground unless some other trees with heavier foliage are planted with them.

How Mark Twain Missed a Fortune.

With Steve Gillis, a printer of whom he was fond, Mark Twain went up into Calaveras county, to a cabin on Jackass Hill, where Steve's brother Jim, a lovable, picturesque character (the "Truthful James" of Bret Harte), owned mining claims. Mark Twain decided to spend his vacation in pocket-mining, and soon added that science to his store of knowledge. It was a halcyon, happy three months that he lingered there. One day, with Jim Gillis, he was following the specks of gold that led to a pocket somewhere up the hill, when a chill, dreary rain set in. Jim was washing, and Clemens was carrying water. The "color" became better and better as they ascended, and Gillis, possessed with the mining passion, would have gone on regardless of the rain. Clemens, however, protested and declared that each pail of water was his last. Finally he said, in his deliberate, drawling fashion:

"Jim, I won't carry any more water. This work is too disagreeable. Let's go to the house and wait till it clears up."

Gillis had just taken out a pan of earth.

"Bring one more pail, Sam," he pleaded.

"I won't do it, Jim! Not a drop! Not if I knew there was a million dollars in that pan!"

They left the pan standing there and went over to Angel's Camp, which was nearer than their own cabin. The rain kept on, and they sat around the grocery and bar-room, smoking and telling stories to pass the time.

Meantime, the rain had washed away the top of the pan of earth left standing on the slope of Jackass Hill and exposed a handful of nuggets; pure gold. Two strangers had come along, and observing it had sat down to wait until the 30-day claim notice posted by Jim Gillis should expire. They did not mind the rain—not with that gold in sight—and the minute the 30 days were up they followed the lead a few pans farther and took out $20,000 in all. It was a good pocket. Mark Twain missed it by one pail of water.

Suppliant.

Grant us, dear Lord, the alchemy of toil,
Clean days of labor, dreamless nights of rest
And that which shall my weakness assail,
The sanctity of one beloved breast.

Laughter of children, hope and thankful tears,
Knowledge to yield, with valor to defend
A faith immutable, and steadfast years
That moved unvexed to their mysterious end
—Alan Sullivan in December Scribner's

The Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I have two hogs about eight months old that are lame and stiff in their legs. Their knees are enlarged. They became so when about three or four months old. Eat fairly well and seem to grow, but are not very fat. Will some one please let me know what to do —W., Cecil, Ohio.

Will some reader of Farmstead tell me how to get rid of the borers that infest my peach trees? Also tell how to use commercial fertilizer for orchard?—F., Pliny, W. Va.

I have a six-acre farm that has been in corn principally for about 30 or 40 years. It is no longer any good for that crop. It is principally loose, sandy ground. Will some reader advise me which would be better to improve the soil—clover or cowpeas? Or is there anything that would be better? When should I sow?—C., Swope, W. Va.

STOVES TO SAVE FRUIT

Farmers Order Thousands for Kansas Orchards.

The Kansas foundries and iron works are working overtime at present building cheap stoves to be used next spring in the orchards of the state. On account of the idiosyncrasies of the Kansas weather, there is nothing at all certain about the fruit crops unless the trees are protected from late and damaging frosts.

Many farmers have thousands of dollars invested in orchards and they are making additional investments in stoves or smudge pots to protect their trees.

Samuel Young, who owns an orchard of 60 acres south of Atchison, is the first man to try the stoves. He has used the smudge pots for years and found them fairly successful, but last year he made some experiments with stoves in a part of his orchard and these gave much better satisfaction than the smudge. In the smudge pots either oil or some wood saturated to make a heavy smoke is used.

Cost 40 Cents Each.

Mr. Young has ordered 500 small sheet iron stoves made. They cost 40 cents each, and will be placed at regular intervals through the orchard. Nearly every foundry and iron working shop in the fruit growing section of the state has received an order for stoves from orchard men who want to protect fruit, but none of the orders is so large as that of the Atchison orchard grower. Mr. Young expects that the 500 stoves will keep five men employed all night long to keep them going.

Every spring there is a fine fruit prospect in Kansas. The spring opens warm and bright and the buds on the trees begin to swell as the sap begins to run. Sometimes the trees blossom and leaf out and then there comes a heavy frost and nips practically every bud. Sometimes the frost catches the buds before they are opened.

Spring Weather Variable.

The Kansas climate is not like that of other big fruit states, where when spring opens it is certain that it has opened for good, and there is little or no danger of the fruit buds. Spring may open in Kansas almost any time after the middle of February, and there may be two or three snows and much frost after that date. Three years ago the trees came out in March and there was snow in May.

It is to protect the trees from the sudden changes in the weather that the smudge pots or stoves are being used. The smudge pots give no heat, but a thick pall of smoke covers the trees and keeps the frost from injuring the buds. The stoves not only supply this smoke, but there is sufficient heat to prevent the frost forming.

The City Man as a Farmer.

W. J. Spillman in Leslie's.

The city man has one advantage over the man who has lived on the farm all his life. He realizes that he is ignorant of the principles of agriculture and is not only willing to take advice, but will even seek it Unfortunately a large number of farmers not only do not seek advice, but resent it when it is given to them. Hence it is that the average experienced farmer in this country has a labor income very little if any better than the wages paid ordinary farm hands. This being true of men experienced in farming, the city man who expects to go on the farm without any experience is doomed to almost certain failure. But if he can hold out until he has gained the necessary experience, and if he happens to be endowed with the type of mind that enables him to acquire experience rapidly, there is a chance for him to succeed.

Some of the most successful farms in this country are conducted by city men. In nearly all cases, however, these men, in their early experience on the farm, suffered the severest kind of hardship; but by persistent effort, and especially by close application to a study of the principles involved in farming, they finally acquired the knowledge necessary to success. After they had reached this point, the business training they had had in the city enabled them to surpass the ordinary farmer, who has had little business training.

A mistake the city man makes is in believing what he reads about the possibilities of a few acres devoted to fruit. It is true that in exceptional years a single acre of fruit of the proper kind, in a locality where there is a good market, may bring a return of one or two thousand dollars; but if we were to take the average income per acre of fruit in this country, it is probable that the profit would not be any larger than it is from ordinary farm crops. Recent investigations among small fruit farmers recently from the city indicate that as a rule they are not successful, and in most cases the farms are for sale at prices even less than were paid for them originally.

New York and Texas.

Leslie's.

There is an eminent propriety in the choice of the names New York and Texas for the two latest and largest of the Dreadnoughts, the battleships authorized a few months ago by congress. New York, the Empire state, with a tenth of the population of the entire country, would seem to be deserving of such an honor as this selection would give. The same is true of Texas, the Empire state of the south, which will hold that distinction for the whole country before many more decades pass. It now stands fifth on the roll of states, the only commonwealths ahead of it being New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Ohio. It passed Missouri in the recent count of inhabitants. Texas is imperial in its dimensions. Its 265,000 square miles make it larger in area than the French republic, which has 38,000,000 inhabitants, and also larger than the empire of Germany, with its population of 64,000,000. It not only leads all the other states in area, but it is growing faster than any other state of its section. It could give a fairly good sized farm to every one of New York's 9,000,000 of people.

METHOD MEANS CROPS

Selection and Grading of Seed Important Factor, Says Scientist.

How to raise big crops of corn is a subject given extensive treatment in a pamphlet issued by Professor M. L. Mosher, of the extension department of the Iowa Agricultural college.

The value of the corn crop of the United States is more than twice that of any other one crop. The world's annual corn crop amounts to about 3,500,000,000 bushels. More than three-fourths of this is produced in the United States.

More than four-fifths of the corn raised in the United States is fed to live stock on the farms where it is produced. The proportions of the total crop are used for different purposes, as follows:

Fed on farms where produced, 80.1 per cent; used for manufactured products 12.6 per cent; exported 4.4 per cent; fed in towns and cities 2.9 per cent.

The manufactured products made from corn include alcohol, many grades of laundry and cooking starches, glucose, table syrups, confectioners' sugar, paste, oil, rubber, etc.

Cost of Producing Corn.

The following table shows the approximate cost of different items of production and the profits from crops giving yields of 40, 60 and 80 bushels per acre:

Items	Yield of 40 bu. per acre	Yield of 60 bu. per acre	Yield of 80 bu. per acre
Plowing, once	$1.25	$1.25	$1.25
Discing, twice	.60	.60	.60
Harrowing four times	.75	.75	.75
Planting	.20	.20	.20
Seed Corn	.35	.35	.35
Cultivating, four times	2.00	2.00	2.00
Harvesting, 3 cents per bu.	1.20	1.80	2.40
Interest on land	5.00	5.00	5.00
Depreciation, taxes etc.	.50	.50	.50
Total cost	$11.85	$12.45	$13.05
Value of crop at 50c bu.	20.00	30.00	40.00
Profits	$ 8.15	$17.55	$26.95

The ordinary corn belt farmer gets an average yield of less than 40 bushels per acre. The better farmers get an average of about 60 bushels. While the cost of growing the 60-bushel crop is but slightly greater than for the 40-bushel crop, the profits are more than doubled. Yields of 80 bushels per acre are common in nearly all sections of the corn belt and crops of 100 bushels or more per acre are sometimes obtained under favorable conditions. John Sundberg, ex-president of the Iowa Corn Growers' association, produced 153 bushels of corn on one acre on his farm in Monona county, Iowa, in 1909.

Rotation of Crops.

By rotation of crops is meant the growing of different crops on the same land, instead of raising one crop year after year. A rotation used by many good farmers is as follows: First year, corn; second year, corn; third year, oats; fourth year, clover.

This rotation is repeated during the next four years and so on indefinitely. Some advantages of such a rotation over the continuous growing of one crop are as follows: First, It keeps up the fertility of the soil. Second, It keeps away and destroys troublesome insects and weeds. Third, It distributes the work of the farm thoroughout the season. Fourth, It furnishes a variety of feed for stock.

In order to conserve the fertility of our soil from which crops are being taken, it must be fed or fertilized. Barnyard manure is the best kind of fertilizer for the corn belt farmer. If a careful rotation of crops as outlined above is followed and all the grain, hay, straw, etc., raised on the farm is fed to live stock and the manure returned to the soil, the fertility of the average corn belt soil will be maintained for many years to come.

Prepare Seed Bed Carefully.

A man may follow a careful system of rotation of crops and manure his ground well and still not get a good crop of corn because he fails to prepare a good seed bed. In order to have a smooth seed bed, horses and cattle should not be allowed to tramp over the field during the winter and spring when the ground is soft, because there will be a clod wherever the animal steps when the ground is soft. The ground should be disced as soon in the spring as it is in good condition to work. This discing will help to hold the moisture in the soil and will prevent the formation of clods. The plowing can then be done as time permits. All ground plowed during the day should be harrowed the same day, so as to break up the clods. Just before planting the ground should be disced and harrowed until it is smooth and even.

Cultivate Thoroughly.

There are three definite reasons for cultivating corn after it is planted: First, to kill the weeds; second, to conserve moisture; third, to let air into the soil.

The ground should be cultivated often enough to keep down all weeds. Most soil should also be stirred after every heavy rain to keep it from drying out and to loosen it up so that the air can get in to the corn roots.

The greatest cause of low yields of corn in the corn belt is poor seed corn; that is, seed which has been killed or weakened by freezing, heating, moulding, sprouting, etc., or seed which is naturally scrubby.

Every ear of corn intended for seed should be harvested and hung up in a dry, well ventilated place, two weeks before danger of a killing frost. Most seed which fails to grow, fails because it has been frozen when still moist. The freezing of dry corn does not injure it for seed, but if it is frozen before it is thoroughly dry, it is likely to be more or less injured.

Test Each Ear Intended for Seed.

Every ear of corn intended for seed should be tested before planting by taking six or more kernels from different parts of the ear and germinating them. If one or more kernels fail to germinate the ear should be discarded and a good one put in its place. Every farmer can well afford to do this, for every seed ear has from eight hundred to one thousand kernels and if they fail to grow there will be eight hundred or one thousand missing stalks in the field.

A convenient way to test each ear is as follows: Fill a shallow box with about two inches of sawdust which has soaked over night in warm water. Pack the sawdust down smooth and firm.

Take a piece of good muslin the size of the box and mark it off in squares, checkerboard fashion, making each one about 2½ inches square. Number each square and then lay the cloth on the sawdust, tacking it along the edges of the box. Number the ears to be tested and take six kernels from ear No. 1 and put them in square No. 1 in the box, and so forth. Dampen another piece of muslin and lay it over the kernels, being careful not to move them. Then lay a larger piece of cloth over the second one and put on about two more inches of sawdust, packing it down firmly all over the box. Place the box in a warm place and leave it about a week. At the end of that time the germinated seeds should be examined. If one or more of the seeds from any one ear failed to grow that ear should be discarded and a good one put in its place.

Seed Should be Graded.

The kernels on different ears are of different sizes and shapes, and the seed must be evenly distributed in the rows to give the best crops. No corn planter will drop irregularly shaped or sized kernels evenly. Therefore the seed must be graded so that kernels of the same size and shape can be planted together.

Ears showing exceptionally strong vitality when tested should be saved by themselves. From this about 50 which have uniform kernels and are of uniform shape and size should be selected and shelled together. This seed should be planted on one side of the best field and seed saved from the strip for the next year's crop.

Every farmer can best afford to save his own seed corn. As a general rule seed brought into any locality from a distance does not produce as much nor as good corn as seed which has been grown in that locality and selected for several years.

More farmers fail to get the largest yields because they plant too little seed than because they plant too much. This is very true in the northern half of the corn belt.

NO PRETENSE FOR BUG KILLERS NOW

Insecticide Act Effective Jan. 1 Provides Stringent Regulation.

The insecticide act of 1910 will become effective on the first of January. Joint regulations for its enforcement have just been issued by the secretaries of the treasury, of agriculture and of commerce and labor. The act forbids the manufacture or sale in federal territory of adulterated or misbranded insecticides and fungicides, especially mentioning paris green and lead arsenate. It also forbids interstate shipment of such articles, and this is its most important feature. Details of the act are recited in a bulletin issued by the department of agriculture.

Under the regulations, samples of insecticides and fungicides are to be collected by purchase by agents of the United States department of agriculture, and analyzed or examined by such chemist or examiner as the secretary of agriculture may designate. If a sample then appears to be adulterated or misbranded, a private hearing before the secretary or his representative will be given to the party from whom the sample was obtained and to others interested who may appear personally or by attorney and may submit oral or written evidence. If it still appears that the act has been violated, the proper United States attorney will be informed of the facts. Provision is made for state officials to cooperate in reporting violations to the secretary of agriculture. The latter will ordinarily make his requests for prosecutions to the attorney general, but in special cases directly to the proper United States attorney. After judgment has been rendered by a court, the judgment will be published by the secretary of agriculture within 30 days.

What Compounds Must Contain.

Paris green is considered adulterated if it does not contain at least 50 per cent of arsenious oxide; on the other hand it must not contain arsenic in water-soluble forms equivalent to more than 3½ per cent of arsenious oxide; and in no instance may be mixed with it so as to lower its strength.

Lead arsenate is counted adulterated if it contains more than 50 per cent of water, or if its total arsenic is equivalent to less than 12½ per cent of arsenic oxide, or if it contains arsenic in water-soluble forms equivalent to more than .75 of a per cent of arsenic oxide, or if any substance is mixed with it so as to lower its strength. If lead arsenate contains more than 50 per cent of water it must be labeled "lead arsenate and water," and the extra percentage of water must be plainly stated.

Any other insecticide or fungicide is considered adulterated if its strength or purity fall below the standard under which it is sold, or if any substance has been wholly or partly substituted for it, or if any valuable ingredient has been even partially removed, or if it is intended to be used on vegetation and is injurious to vegetation. If the designation of an article imports the presence in it of a certain substance, that substance must be present in customary amount.

Examples of Misbranding.

Any insecticide or fungicide is misbranded if the label bear any statement, design, or device that is false or misleading in any particular, either as to the character of the article or as to the place of manufacture, and the term "label" is defined so as to include any circulars, etc., that are packed with the articles or referred to either on the label or on the circulars accompanying the article. If the contents are stated in terms of weight or measure, they must be correctly stated. If an insecticide or fungicide (other than paris green or lead arsenate) contains arsenic in any form, the total amount of arsenic and the amount of water-soluble arsenic must each be stated on the label. The amount of inert substances (often called "filler") must also be stated.

If the name of the manufacturer is given on the label, it must be the actual manufacturer; if the name given is not that of the actual manufacturer, the phrase "packed for," "distributed by," or some equivalent phrase, must be used with the name.

The dealer may relieve himself of responsibility by securing from the wholesaler or from the manufacturer a guaranty that the article is not "adulterated or misbranded within the meaning of the insecticide act of 1910." This places the responsibility upon the guarantor. The wholesaler or manufacturer may file with the secretary of agriculture a general guaranty covering every package of a particular kind of article. The guaranty will receive a serial number; this number is to appear on every package of goods sold under that guaranty, together with the words "Guaranteed by (name of guarantor) under the insecticide act of 1910." If a general guaranty is not filed, an individual guaranty may be attached to each bill of lading.

Applies to Imports.

The law and the regulations apply also to imported goods, imported lead arsenate or paris green being treated as being intended for use as an insecticide unless the contrary is shown. The treasury department and the department of agriculture will co-operate in taking samples of imported goods. If upon examination and after hearing it appears that a consignment may not lawfully be imported, the secretary of agriculture will report the findings to the secretary of the treasury, and the goods will be refused admission.

Regulation 12 provides that "all matter required by the act to be stated on the label of an article must be plainly and correctly stated on the face of the principal label in type sufficiently clear and in position sufficiently prominent to attract the immediate attention of the purchaser." This regulation, however, will not be strictly enforced until July 1, 1911. In the meantime, such required statements may be made by means of a "sticker or paster or supplemental label."

Mechanical Power for the Farm.

H. H. Windsor in Popular Mechanics.

One of the interesting features of the land show in Chicago last month was mechanical power for the farm. This took the form not only of the tractors themselves, but was supplemented by a daily illustrated lecture on the economic advantages of plowing and doing other farm work by means of engines instead of horses. The lecture was not a recital of the joy to be derived from a "seeing of the wheels go 'round," but a consideration of mechanical power strictly as a business proposition. There was a time when the farmer was not classed as a business man. Today he is not only more a producer than the manufacturer, but his range of products is such that the volume of his sales compares favorably with those of many country merchants. In his crop production and delivery for shipment he has come to the point where he can use power-driven machinery to quite an extent, and we may reasonably anticipate in the next 10 years a large demand for traction power by farmers, especially those operating several hundred acres. We will come to this through the use of automobiles, which farmers are now buying by thousands.

Some of the records cited are interesting. For instance, on the big Dakota farms, where the plowing, seeding, harvesting, threshing and hauling, all are accomplished with engines, the cost is reduced $2.10 per acre. Plowing which formerly cost $1.35 with horses falls to 76 cents with power; pulverizing, from 63 cents to 17 cents; and hauling, from $1.00 to 26 cents per acre. The final results are stated to amount to a net saving of 10 cents per bushel, or about 5 per cent on the cost of a 800-acre farm.

How to Make Farming Pay.

W. J. Spillman in Leslie's.

Since practically all of the good farm land in this country is now occupied, and since our population continues to increase, especially in the cities, it follows that future demands for farm crops must be met largely by increased yields. It is hardly possible that these increased yields are to be secured by the transfer of any considerable number of city people to the farm. There must be a larger use of farm machinery, the rural schools must be supplemented by good rural high schools, in which the young people shall be taught the rudiments of the science of agriculture, and the profits of farming must be made large enough to permit the farmer to pay wages that will compete with the wages paid in other industries. It will take many years to bring about these changes.

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SEE TAX PUT ON FARMS

Protestors Say Potash Duty Will Boost Cost.

Washington, Dec. 22. — Another southern congressional delegation called on President Taft yesterday to urge drastic action by the United States in retaliation against Germany because of the increased export duty established by that country on potash shipped to the United States.

The delegation included Senators Percy, of Mississippi, Fletcher of Florida, Terrell, of Georgia, and Overman, of North Carolina and Representative Lever, of South Carolina. They declared that the increased cost of potash as a fertilizer would greatly increase the cost of farming in the south, and would result in increased price of farm products all along the line.

The potash situation is becoming rather acute, but President Taft is still hopeful that some satisfactory arrangement with Germany can be reached.

The subject probably will be taken up again by the cabinet on Friday.

White Damp and Black Damp.

Atlantic Monthly.

White damp is the gas most feared by the miners, for its properties render it difficult to detect, inasmuch as it is tasteless, odorless and colorless and when mixed in the proportion of about one part gas to nine parts air is called "fire damp" and becomes explosive to a degree hard to realize unless one has seen its effects.

Black damp, unlike white damp, is heavier than air, is non-explosive gas which may be detected by its peculiar odor. Again, unlike the other, its effect is to suffocate and extinguish fire.

This gas is so heavy and moves with such a sluggish flow that occasionally when miners have been trapped in a mine following an explosion and have detected the black damp creeping in upon them by its smell they have been able to stop its advance by erecting dams or barricades along the floor, building them higher as the volume of gas increased and keeping the air within their little inclosure comparatively clean by rude improvised fans.

Following an explosion, these two gases become mingled and form a mixed gas possessing all the dreaded qualities of each which is known as "after damp" and it is this mixture of gases which destroys any life that may remain following a mine disaster.

Municipal Ice Rink.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Though Dubuque is on the Mississippi river and has one of the finest harbors between New Orleans and St. Paul there has been little or no ice skating in recent years. Several times attempts to conduct a private rink have failed, principally owing to high prices of admission.

Alderman John O'Rourke plans to utilize the whole of the harbor, which is 1,400 feet long and 500 feet wide. The harbor now is frozen over and as soon as it is deemed advisable this surface will be flooded from the city's water system, thus giving it a surface as smooth as glass.

Along the shores it is proposed to build shelters where skates may be adjusted, where skaters may rest and get warm and where they may have their wraps checked. Policemen will be present at all times, and representatives of the woman's clubs of the city will be assigned to regular duty as chaperons.

The Push Man Train.

Wide World Magazine.

One of the quaintest sights in Japan is the "push man train," a little railway which runs for 19 miles along the seacoast between Atami and Odawara, taking four hours to complete the journey.

Each car is hauled and pushed up hill by coolies and the hallowed to run down the next incline by its own momentum, the coolies jumping on behind. When skirting precipices and rounding sharp curves this becomes somewhat exciting; the sensation is rather like being in a runaway switchback car.

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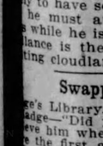

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The Arbuckle Ryan Co. Toledo, Ohio.

The Cost of Flying.

C. R. Miller in Leslie's.

Aeroplanes are still beyond the reach of the middle class, for it takes both money and leisure to own and operate one. To be strictly correct, you are going to use a foreign machine you must attend an aviation school abroad. This course will cost, including passage to and from Europe and a month on the other side, not less than $1,000, for the course at the school is $500. The cost of a machine is from $5,000 to $7,000, and you are likely to smash up one or two machines before you become proficient. Experience is the only way to learn aviation," declared Count de Lesseps. "The instructor may explain, but you must actually do the work yourself." "You may break a few of these blooming 'buses," said Mr. Grahame-Whiley, the original English aviator, when he always speaks of his machine as a 'bus"; "but if you try you will learn, and it's jolly good sport, you know."

The cost of gasoline is another item in the flying game. A Curtiss biplane requires six gallons to keep it in the air an hour. The French machines require even more. Some machines, especially the French, are so quick in leaving the ground and require considerable space in landing, which must consist of level ground—a long stretch—so the value of such a type of land must be added to the cost of aeroplaning.

"A better flier is a matter of opinion, a better flier is a matter of opinion, but each aviator is loyal to his own car. Yet all agreee, however, that in order to be successful a man must know and master his aircraft, being free from fear and nervousness, and that he must not be a nervous, jerky touch, as a quick jerk to aeroplane machinery is likely to have serious results. Above all he must attend strictly to business while he is in the air, for eternal vigilance is the price of safety when motoring cloudland.

Swapping Stories.

Judge's Library.

Judge—"Did you tell him you didn't believe him when he told you that you were the first girl he'd ever loved?"

Marjorie—"No; but I came right out at him with another whopper, and he was the first man who had ever kissed me."

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QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

PEAT AND LIGNITE

Please tell what you can about the two kinds of coal called peat and lignite.—B. S., Cameron, Mo.

Peat is the partially decomposed remains of vegetation that accumulate in places which are all the time wet. The mass consists of matted roots, leaves and stems of plants, the forms of which are sometimes distinctly preserved, and at others are lost in the mucky substance produced by their decomposition. It forms layers several feet thick, and in some places these layers are repeated with layers of sand between. There are immense bodies of peat in Ireland; it also abounds in Scotland and on the continent of Europe along the cost of the North sea. It is found in America in Newfoundland and Labrador. On Anticosti island, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, is a plain covered with peat, more than 80 miles long, with an average breadth of two miles and from three to ten feet thick. Peat is also found in small quantities in bogs in northern New York, in New England, and in Iowa, Minnesota and Canada. It is found only in the temperate zones, where the climate is moist and the subsoil is impervious to water. It is found in the southern hemisphere below the latitude of 45 degrees south.

Peat differs greatly in color and quality. Some peats are gray, some red or black, but the majority are a snuff color or brown-red. It also varies greatly in weight and consistence. Some varieties are compact, shrinking greatly in drying and yield tough dense masses, which burn readily and make excellent fuel; others are light and porous. Some are almost free from mineral matter, and leave but little ash when burned; others contain considerable lime or iron, or sand and clay. The nature of the vegetation from which they are produced has much effect as to their character.

Peat is valuable as a fertilizer and as a fuel. For the latter purpose, the best is that which has the least undecomposed vegetable matter and is free from sand, clay or other minerals. Of the best peat, from 500 to 900 pounds must be dug and dried to furnish 100 pounds of dry fuel. It is cut from the bog in "sods," 18 to 20 inches long, 4 or 5 inches broad and 3 inches thick. These "sods" are laid out to dry, then stacked so the air can circulate between them, under the are fit to burn. In southeastern Germany and Austria peat is extensively used as fuel in iron furnaces. It can be burned for household use in open grates, close stoves, furnaces and ranges.

Lignite, or brown coal, is brown to black in color, though the powder is always brown. It often shows plainly its vegetable origin, containing stems that look like undecomposed wood. The luster may be resinous or dull; the specific gravity is .5 to 1.5, some kinds floating on water. Lignites burn easily with a smoky frame, generally contain high percentage of water, crumble easily and slack to mud on long exposure.

SINKING OF THE MERRIMAC

Will you please give the names of the men who assisted Hobson in his brave act of sinking the collier Merrimac in the harbor of Santiago during the Spanish war?—A. W. S., Harden, O.

The names of the men chosen to assist Hobson in his daring attempt to blockade the channel of the harbor of Santiago by sinking the collier were Osborn Deignan, George F. Phillips, Francis Kelly, George Charette, Daniel Montague and J. C. Murphy. Another seaman, Randolph Clausen, who had been at work on the collier, secreted himself until she was under way and then reported for duty.

WILLIAM F. DRANNAN

Please give a biography of William F. Drannan, the scout, in the Question Bureau.—L. E. M., Lizemares, W. Va.

Wm. F. Drannan was born January 30, 1832, on the Atlantic ocean. His parents were French and he was born while they were on the way to America. They settled near Nashville, Tenn. In 1836 both of his parents died of cholera and young Drannan was adopted by a man named Drake who kept him until he was 15 years of age. He received no education while a boy. Drannan was so abused by an old negro woman that he ran away to St. Louis. He walked the entire journey, and it took him six weeks to reach his destination. While unsuccessfully looking for work he met Kit Carson, who liked him. Carson informally adopted him and kept him until he was 21 years of age. Drannan hunted and trapped with Carson during this time. He accompanied Carson to western Utah when Fremont undertook his second trip. Later Drannan went with Jim Beckwith to California. Beckwith recommended him to Colonel Elliott as a scout. He worked with Elliott in Nevada and was so good that he was made chief of scouts, which position he held for two years. The second year he was severely wounded by an Indian. Drannan was wounded a second time the following year while scouting in southern Oregon. For the following few years he was a trapper, trader and guide. At Salt Lake City he was made chief of scouts under General Connor. In 1865 he piloted a wagon train to Oregon and to Arizona, where he was chief of scouts for two years under General Crook. Afterwards Drannan went to California, where he engaged in ranching for five years, but failed. He then tried raising horses, but the Modoc war broke out and he again became a scout and captured the famous Captain Jack. After this war ceased he went to Arizona and continued to serve as a scout for two years. Drannan undertook ranching again with better success than before, but after three years he went for one season to Alaska, where he hunted seals. Later he became the proprietor of a hotel in Seattle, but was burned out in two years, leaving him in reduced circumstances. In 1899 he removed to Moscow, Idaho, where he wrote his autobiograph, havig been taught to read by a trapper when he was 18 years old.

KARL VON WEBER

Please tell something about the life and works of Karl von Weber.—A. B. S., Red Cloak, Ia.

Karl Maria Friedrich Ernst von Weber was born at Eutin, Germany, December 18, 1786, and died at London, June 5, 1826. He became celebrated as a composer and a creator of romantic opera. Weber received his musical education from Heuschkel, Michael Haydn, Kalcher, and Vogler; was appointed kappellmeister at Breslau 1804-06; was private secretary to the Duke of Wurtemburg at Stuttgart, 1807-10; lived in Mannheim, Darmstadt, and elsewhere; was appointed kappellmeister in Prague in 1813, and in Dresden three years later. He visited London in 1826, where he died. He had a lively interest in mechanical processes, especially wood engraving and lithography. His works included the operas Der Freischutz, Euryanthe, Oberon, Silvana, Abu Hassan, fragments of Das Waldmadchen, Rubezahl, etc.

COUNT TOLSTOI

Will you please give in the columns a biographical sketch of Count Tolstoi?—W. L. M., Young America, Ind.

Count Lyof Tolstoi was born in 1828 at Yasnaya Polyana, Russia, and died November 20, 1910. His early life was that of all young Russian nobles. In 1851 he went into the army and served in the Caucasus and the Crimea, seeing both the big wars and the little. He retired from active service and gave himself up to literary work in St. Petersburg, where his serfs were set free, he retired to his estates and took his part in fitting them for freedom by teaching them personally, and through books which he wrote for them.

His real life dated from his association with the peasantry, and his efforts to make himself one with them. He permitted his family to keep and benefit by his wealth, but he himself lived with the simplicity that is akin to poverty. His writings all have one object—the good of humanity—and his philosophy is the doctrine of the gospels, chiefly as it is found in the words of Jesus. For his radical views he was excommunicated by the Russian church. He was a prolific writer, having produced many volumes of essays, fiction and other works. His widest known novels are The Kreutzer Sonata, Anna Karenina and The Resurrection. The last was the most recent novel from his pen.

BRIGHAM YOUNG

Will you please publish a history of the life of Brigham Young?—W. H. R., Fostoria, O.

Brigham Young, the American Mormon leader, was born June 1, 1801, and died August 29, 1877. He learned the trade of painter and glazier and worked at his occupation in Mendon, N. Y. Early in life he joined the Baptists, but in 1831 was converted to Mormonism and joined the sect in Kirtland, Ohio, the following year. In 1835 he was ordained an elder and sent forth as one of the 12 apostles. the New England states being the district assigned him. In 1844 when Joseph Smith died he was unanimously chosen president and prophet, though he had three competitors for the office, one of whom, Sidney Rigdon, he soon afterward excommunicated. When the sect was expelled from Nauvoo, Ill., in 1846, Young led them west until he reached the present location of Salt Lake City which he founded. In 1849 an attempt was made to organize a state to be called the State of Deseret, but the United States government refused to sanction it, though Utah was organized as a territory, and President Fillmore appointed Young as its governor. In 1854 the appointment of a Gentile governor led to serious troubles as Young and the other Mormons refused to recognize his authority, and it was not until a force of 2,500 troops was sent that the United States could enforce its authority.

Young was the founder of polygamy as an institution, and among the first to practice it. In 1852 he promulgated the "celestial law of marriage," which declared to have been revealed to Joseph Smith nine years before. A large party, among whom were Smith's wife and sons, in the church, opposed this innovation, and declared the revelation to be a forgery, but Young's influence carried the day. He himself had from 15 to 18 actual wives besides numerous spiritual wives. His 19th wife, Ann Eliza Young, sued for divorce in 1875. The Mountain Meadow massacre of 1858 was brought to the notice of the law in 1875. In it a company of 136 emigrants, which had come into collision with the Mormon settlers, was practically exterminated, only a few children being allowed to escape. The court exonerated Young from complicity in the affair, but Bishop Lee, a leading Mormon, was condemned to death in 1876, and shot in March in 1877 on the scene of the massacre.

THE 7 WONDERS OF THE WORLD

I would like to have the Question Bureau publish the names of the seven wonders of the world and give the location of each one.—W. T. H., Flag Pond, Tenn.

The seven wonds of the world are remarkable for their splendor and magnitude. They are the pyramids of Egypt, the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon, the temple of Diana at Ephesus, the statue of the Olympian Jupiter at Athens, the Mausoleum, the Colossus of Rhodes and the Pharos or lighthouse of Alexandria.

ROBERT E. LEE

Will you please give a sketch of the life of Robert E. Lee, the Confederate general?—L. E. Y., Rines Junction, Mich.

Robert Edward Lee was born January 19, 1807, at Stratford, Va., and died October 12, 1870. He was the son of Henry Lee ("Light-Horse Harry"). He was graduated with high standing from West Point in 1829. In the Mexican war he served as chief engineer and on the staff of General Wool, and was distinguished in the advance on the capitol, especially at Chapultepec. From 1852 to 1855 he was commandant at West Point. In 1859 he was sent against John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry and captured him. His rank of lieutenant-colonel in 1861. When his state seceded Lee resigned from the U. S. army, April 20, accepted the command of the state forces, and in May was appointed a general in the Confederate army. For a year he was conspicuously employed in Virginia and South Carolina. The wounding of General J. E. Johnston at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862, called Lee to supreme command. He commanded in the Seven Days' battles, beat Pope at the second battle of Bull Run, and immediately began his first invasion of the north. His prestige was not impaired by the drawn battle of Antietam, and the army and its general gained new honors by the victories of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. His second invasion of the north resulted disastrously at Gettysburg. In the next year, 1864, he was pitted against Grant, whom he opposed stubbornly at the Wilderness, Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor. The long siege of Petersburg and Richmond followed. Compelled to evacuate Richmond April 2, 1865, he sought to effect a junction with Johnston, but was hemmed in by Grant's army and forced to surrender at Appomattox, April 9. Soon afterward he became president of Washington college in Lexington, Va., (now Washington and Lee university), and remained there until his death.

MARTIN LUTHER

I would like to have the Question Bureau publish a brief biography of Martin Luther.—D. D., Sunfish, Ky.

Martin Luther was born at Eisleben, Prussian Saxony, November 10, 1483; and died there, February 18, 1546. He was a German reformer and translator of the bible. His early education was received at Madgeburg and Eisenach. In 1505, against the wishes of his family, he entered the Augustine monastery at Erfurt. In 1507, he was consecrated as a priest, and was called as professor to philosophy to the University of Wittenburg the following year. In 1512, he was made doctor of theology. Certain articles that he wrote against the church caused him to be excommunicated by the pope in 1520. His writings were burned. He immediately renounced allegiance to the pope and burned the bull of excommunication. In 1521 he was taken prisoner and conveyed to Eisenach, where he remained in disguise the following ten months. During this time he translated the New Testament into German. In 1524 he laid aside his cowl to marry, the following year, Katharina von Bora, a nun, who had renounced her vows and left the convent. For several years Luther engaged himself in the preparation of a new church service. His translation was finally completed and published. He engaged himself in other literature after this. Luther is said to be the founder of the present literary language of Germany.

TO FIND HORSEPOWER

I would like to know how to find the horsepower of engines.—W. W. S., Grove City, Pa.

Horse power is the principal measure of rate at which work is performed. One horse power is computed to be equivalent to raising 33,000 pounds one foot high per minute, or 550 pounds per second; or 33,000 foot pounds of work, and it is designated as being nominal, indicated or actual. A horse power in work is estimated at 33,000 pounds, raised one foot in a minute; but as a horse can exert that force for only about six hours per day, one day's work of horse power is equivalent to that of 4.5 horses. As an easy method of calculating horse power, the following is recommended: Where it is practicable take an indication diagram which shows the mean pressure of the steam throughout the stroke. In order to calculate the pressure, ten ordinates are usually drawn across the diagram; the length of these is measured on a scale representing pounds per square inch of pressure. The ten numbers thus obtained are added together, and the sum divided by ten; this gives the average pressure per square inch of steam throughout the stroke. Calculate the area of the piston in square inches from its diameter, and multiply this by the pressure per square inch. This gives the total pressure exerted on the piston. Next, multiply the number of revolutions of the engine per minute by twice the length of the stroke in feet; this gives the speed of the piston in feet per minute; multiply this by the pressure on it in pounds, and the result is the number of foot pounds of work done on the piston per minute. A horse power is reckoned at 33,000 foot pounds per minute; the number of foot pounds divided by this figure gives the indicated horse power. A portion of this, varying from a third to a fifth, is taken up in overcoming the friction of the working parts of the engine; the remainder only is available for useful work. See Blade of September 1, 1887. Distance is reckoned by several devices. One is a "log" attached to the keel of the vessel, which registers in the cabin. Another "log" is a device thrown overboard and towed for five minutes. When the speed is known for a given time it is easy to find it for a day.

OLD GLORY

Please explain the origin of the American flag receiving the name of Old Glory.—J. D. D., Mount Eden, Ky.

The stars and stripes are so frequently referred to as "Old Glory" that that title attached to the American flag has become famous, yet few know the origin of this expressive term.

Nashville, Tenn., claims the honor of thus christening the national emblem. The term dates back to the entrance of the federal army into that city, after the fall of Fort Donelson, when the flag belonging to Capt. William Driver was hoisted over the capitol. This same flag was used in the Whig convention of 1840, when William Henry Harrison was elected—the first Whig president.

Long years before this William Driver hailed from Salem, Mass., but like most boys born in that part of the country, at the age of 12 he went to sea, and at the age of 18 was master of his own ship with the flag flying at the mast head, which he even then called "Old Glory." It was his proud boast that the flag of his country had never been lowered or its honor tarnished, and he was privately called "Old Glory" by those who knew him intimately.

MISCELLANEOUS

C. W. G., Wilkeville, O.—The membership of the Odd Fellows numbers 1,441,403 and that of the Free Masons 1,309,697.

G. R. W., Fremont, O.—Your congressman has the power of appointing a person to take the examination for entrance into West Point.

D. W. B., Goodwell, Okla.—The national guard is the militia of the various states.

T. R. H., Dupont, O.—We cannot answer your question, as we have not the necessary knowledge of astronomy.

F. M. H., Rome, Pa.—Your question is not of general interest enough to answer.

F. M. H., Wahe Forest, N. C.—No other nations have any authority whatsoever over the canal zone.

W. P. P., Baywood, Va.—On Nov. 1, 1909, when the estimate was fixed, the standing principal of the public debt of the United States was $2,661,426,301.04.

W. A. S., Beaver Dam, O.—There has never been a governor of Pennsylvania named Fleming.

F. E. C., Gallipolis, O.—The author of the Arabian Nights Entertainment is unknown.

B. B., Cox's Mills, W. Va.—There are 398 representatives in the lower house of congress of which Oklahoma has five.

"Come, Labor On."

Come, labor on!
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain?
And to each servant does the Master say:
"Go, work today!"

Come labor on!
The laborers are few, the field is wide,
New stations must be filled and blanks supplied
From voices distant far, or near at home,
The call is, "Come."

Come, labor on!
No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
Till the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun—
"Servants, well done!"

Come, labor on!
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure;
Blessed are those who to the end endure;
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be
O Lord, with Thee!

—Jane Laurie Bothwick.

Why Men Are Not Monkeys.

Christmas Columbian.

Another eminent scientist is devoting his talent and industry to the task of associating mankind with the monkey tribe or tribes, and of proving that, if the monkey is not a man, he is at least a near relative. With all due respect for the noted scientist in question, we beg to suggest that perhaps the study of monkeys and the effort to connect them with the human race can be carried a little too far. It is not disputed—perhaps it is beyond dispute—that the monkey is physically related to mankind; but in the soul, the divinity of mind and intellect, the monkey seems to be just as distant from men, just as far below human beings, as most of the four-footed animals. Indeed, some insects—the ant, for example—show far more intelligence than the monkey. It is simply the fact that the monkey is a hideous caricature of man that makes it interesting—but it is nothing more than a caricature.

To Get Off a "Sucker List."

Collier's.

If you are unfortunate enough to have your name entered upon the list of possible purchasers of mining or oil stocks, fly-by-night railroad and industrial enterprises promoted by such busy experts as the postoffice authorities have lately been arresting, you are in for a vast and constantly flowing stream of literature. For "sucker lists" as the promoters call the roster of victims, actual and prospective, are traded and passed on from one flim-flam artist to another. Here is the way to stop the annoyance:

Meet the letter carrier, or go personally to the postmaster, and refuse formally to receive mail from the promoter. The carrier or postmaster will then report to Washington that the addresses refuses mail. In turn, Washington notifies the promoter not to send any more mail to the address. This is an effective way to protect yourself from the numerous gold-brick financiers against whom the postoffice authorities have not as yet secured evidence enough to justify arrest and prosecution for the fraudulent use of the mails.

A Billion-Dollar Property.

McClure's.

And now the little group of men at the center of the great aggregation had accumulated an economic power that would have been inconceivable 25 years before. Twenty thousand miles of railroad; a capitalization of more than $300,000,000 outstanding, receipts of $10,000,000 a year—all came under their direct control. They had sold much of their stock in the Great Northern as time went on; but the group still held some $35,000,000—nearly 30 per cent of the company's stock—in the spring of 1901. With J. P. Morgan & Co., they held between $35,000,000 and $40,000,000 of the $155,000,000 stock of the Northern Pacific—about a quarter of the whole. And through the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern they held the Burlington. Taken altogether, it was one of the most remarkable groups of men ever got together in the country—these wise, aggressive Scotchmen and their few later associates. They would have been remarkable if for nothing else than that they had hung together for all these years, and taken for themselves the natural growth of a powerful corporation in a new and expanding country.

Deserving of Promotion.

Cleveland Leader.

Sol Gage, superintendent of transportation, recently recommended a man in the Lake Shore's employ for an increase in pay. Mr. Gage and this employee engaged in some correspondence over a technical detail of some transportation regulation. In reply to Mr. Gage's third letter this letter came:

"Instead of clarifying the situation your letter of yesterday serves rather to obfuscate it."

"Any servant of a great corporation who can use the word 'obfuscate,' deserves more than $60 a month, and I am going to see that he gets it," says Mr. Gage.

THANK GOD, WE'RE SAFE FROM APPENDICITIS

Eat All You Want to, Children—We're Safe Because I've Read the ADLER-I-KA BOOK.

What a blessing to be positively safe from Appendicitis, so you can eat anything you want and as much as you want without ever giving Appendicitis a thought. To get INSTANT relief from all your bowel and stomach trouble. To be safe and well and strong.

No more wind on the stomach, sour stomach, constipation, nausea, heavy feeling after eating. No more being afraid of getting the treacherous Appendicitis. The ADLER-I-KA BOOK shows what to do—all as simple as A, B, C, and absolutely sure.

Write your name below, enclose a 2-cent stamp, and you will get the famous ADLER-I-KA BOOK entirely free. It's different from any book you ever saw; it tells wha only few doctors know; it will surprise and astonish you. It shows many curious pictures and tells how you can INSTANTLY relieve bowel or stomach trouble, how Appendicitis is caused, how it can be cured without operation and HOW YOU CAN EASILY PREVENT IT. You wouldn't take $10.00 for what you will learn from this book—yet it's free for a 2-cent stamp. Address: Adlerika Co., Dept. 21, St. Paul, Minn.

Name .....

Address .....

For Pure Elections

IN ALL countries which have sought to insure the fairness and purity of elections some curious inconsistencies and oddities have crept into the election laws. It is difficult to reconcile various things permitted with other things denied.

An amusing vein of inconsistency—unkind continental critics often say hypocrisy—runs through many phases of British life, and the line between the campaign and election day conditions allowed and those outlawed is especially devious in Great Britain. No doubt it is an honest and earnest effort to get at a sound and reasonable system of choosing Members of Parliment and other officials, but it is not altogether convincing.

For example it is not easy to understand just why a candidate may lawfully keep his own motor car or carriage busy carrying voters to the polls age busy carrying voters to the polls and hire another for his own convenience, whereas he is forbidden to hire any vehicle whatever for election day purposes, other than his personal use. He can spend as much money as he pleases in charity, in his district, or division, as the English call it, provided he gives to men too poor to qualify for the suffrage under British laws. On the other hand, he must not give a farthing to any man with a vote, unless it is the customary tip for a railroad porter or some other person whose employment makes that the usual thing to do.

A candidate for the House of Commons is authorized to issue placards and addresses and distribute his photograph. On the contrary he is forbidden to give ribbons, cockades, badges or other marks of party distinction, such as our American campaign buttons.

In the United Kingdom the practice, so common in the United States, of promising offices to men expected to be useful to candidates in campaigns, is unlawful. The law very logically holds that it is in effect like bribery. But the British candidate may offer hospitality to a personal friend during a campaign, the same as at other times. Obviously, it would be difficult to draw the definition of a "personal friend" very hard and fast if the candidate were artful and unscrupulous.

The British candidate, like his brethren in other countries, is perfectly free, of course, to obtain all the volunteer or unpaid assistance he can get in his struggle for election. He can also have voters brought to the polls in carriages or his party adherents and associates. It is hardly necessary to say that in many instances such favors are given with very definite hope of reciprocal services to the leaders of conveyances so employed on election day.

But no candidate in the British Isles is allowed to offer a voter such a favor as permission to shoot rabbits on his premises, and it is unlawful to buy a pig of a voter in his district, at more than a fair market price. It is equally forbidden to rent from any person other than an advertising agent the use of dead walls, windows or land for the display of any campaign placard or poster.

Another limitation put upon British aspirants for office is the curious rule of law that the opposing candidate must not be called a liar. It is permitted to accuse him of making inexact and misleading statements, but the "short and ugly word" is outlawed.

The man who seeks a seat in the house of commons is forbidden to pay for music, torches, flags or banners, in his own interest. Yet he is allowed to hire a certain number of paid agents to work for him during his race for office, and through them he is permitted to spend a large sum to compass his triumph at the polls.

The British system seems to work well, for there are few complaints of undue or improper use of money in elections, but in some particular the restrictions imposed by the laws seem rather fantastic and inconsistent. The use of money in political warfare is being restricted and frowned upon more and more in the United States, but it will certainly be a long time before the methods and limitations of campaigning in the United Kingdom will be reproduced in all respects in America.

Society of the Blue Shield.

Pall Mall Gazette.

A French contemporary advises the head of the school for hotel keepers recently established in Paris to study the precepts laid down by Dr. Auerbach, of Frankfort, who presides over the society known as the Enemies of Noise. He has devoted special attention to the unnecessary noises heard in hotels and has issued a number of rules to be observed by hotel managers. Those who comply with them are allowed to display outside their establishments the blue shield of the society. Some of the rules are by no means easy to follow, notably one which forbids the admission "of noisy, ill bred or foul mouthed travelers, and those afflicted with loud, squaky or shrill voices. Such travelers should be inscribed on a black list, and will thus soon be excluded from all hotels certificated by the society."

The Song of the Shirt.

The Atlantic.

This has been a particularly perilous season for the man with a passion for shirts. By some diabolical agreement all the haberdashers at one and the same time filled their windows with luscious lavenders and faint green stripes and soft silk suirts with comfortable French cuffs and marking out $2 or $3, as the case might be, wrote $1.50 or $2.50 below. The song of the shirt was loud in the land, its haunting melody not to be resisted. Is there any lure for a woman in all the fluffy mystery of a January "white sale" comparable to the seduction for a man of a lavender shirt marked down from $2 to $1.50? I doubt it. Heaven help the woman if there is!

Three Great Danish Clans.

London Chronicle.

The Danish government recently found it necessary to grant heads of families the privilege of changing their names if they feel so disposed without incurring any legal costs. This is a necessary piece of legislation, for the population of Denmark is divided into three great clans—the Hansens, the Petersons and the Soerensens. In one town of 25,000 inhabitants over four-fifths bore one or the other of these names. Many of these have taken advantage of the new law and assumed more distinctive names.

The Workman's Prayer.

Lord, help me at my humble job today!
For, honestly, I'd like to be like Him,
Who was a Carpenter, an' earned His pay
By workin' hard an' tryin' not to skim.
Most every fellow tries his best to quit
A little mite before th' whistle blows;
But anything He done, He finished it—
Or so I think th' Bible story goes.

Lord, help me at my humble job today!
I get so sick o' just' tryin' not to skim.
If only I could find some other way—
For stickin'-power 's th' simple prayer I bring,
T' hang to it like a bulldog pup,
A-whistlin' like I never cared a blame!
Say, Ineed You or I can't keep it up,
For without You my job don't go th' same.

Lord, help me at my humble job today!
Th' foreman thinks I'm nothin' but a dog;
An' with that tongue he's always gettin' gay—
Say, it could lay him flatter 'n a log.
But He—the Carpenter—was meek an' mild,
An' when they cursed He knew just how to wait.
I'm tryin' hard t' be—like Him—Your child.
My notion is—Your walkin'-delegate.

—Roscoe Gilmore Scott in Leslie's.

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Own ..... Horses ..... acres ..... Cattle ..... acres ..... I rent .....
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State .....

P. O. .....

I WILL ALSO WRITE YOU MY SPECIAL FREE OFFER of a Picture of ten stock colored Horse Pictures and Horse Cards 2 3/4 x 4 inches, Size of Picture 10 1/2 x 14 inches, Mixed Herd 1 Colt, Grand Champion Stallion, Heiress 2:01, Lady Maud C. 2:04½ and Action 2:07¾.

$6.50 SET OF 10 HORSE PICTURES FREE.

The Three Cherry Trees.

There were three cherries trees once
Grew in a garden all shady,
And there for delight
Of so gladsome a sight
Walked a most beautiful lady—
Dreamed a most beautiful lady.

Birds in its branches did sing,
Blackbird and throstle and linnet;
But she walking there
Was by far the most fair,
Loveller than all else within it,
Blackbird and throstle and linnet.

But blossoms to berries do come,
All hanging on stalks light and slender;
And one long summer's day
Charmed that lady away,
With vows sweet and merry and tender,
A lover with voice low and tender.

Moss and lichen those green branches deck,
Weeds not in its paths green and shady;
Yet a light footstep seems
Still to haunt there by dreams—
The ghost of that beautiful lady,
That happy and beautiful lady.
—Walter de la Mare, in the Saturday Review.

A Startling Sensation in the Magazine World.

Judge.

Owing to an insistent public demand, the Piffle Magazine will hereafter be published only every other month instead of monthly as he

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1910.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

Don't Miss the Good Things

Some of the good things in this world are overlooked by carelessness. The Blade doesn't want its readers to miss anything. The safest way is to read Blade advertisements from week to week. The very thing you want is bound to make its appearance some day. Then it is up to you to put yourself in communication with the man behind the advertisement.

Wickedness never has to advertise to attract attention.

Tempus fugit. The spring seed catalogues will soon be out.

We have our opinion of the fellow who never worries about anything.

At his present weight Mr. Taft doesn't feel afraid of any foreign foe.

An increased number of congressmen would not do the country much good.

Most of the "back to the farm" talk is done by men who haven't any farm to go back to.

A new member of congress doesn't necessarily blush when he makes his maiden speech.

Maybe foreign foes will not want to whip us since they have found out how easy it would be.

Just to show that her heart is in the right place a Pittsburg girl has married her legless lover.

An old English lord doesn't object to marrying a young girl, if she happens to be an heiress.

There was no glory in the return of Dr. Cook. Perhaps the doctor has lost his taste for floral wreaths.

Notwithstanding the high price of butter and eggs White House expenses are to be reduced $500 a year.

Madison, Ind., is said to be the home of wealthy widows. Looks like a good way to advertise a town.

It is said that the old hoopskirt is coming back, but we are too much of an optimist to believe the report.

A St. Louis judge has ruled that a chicken is not a nuisance. It certainly isn't, provided it is well done.

It is not believed that Mr. Carnegie's ten million dollar peace offering will affect the sale of toy soldiers.

Michael Cudahy, the meat packer, left several million dollars that the farmers never got a chance to look at.

An Illinois man traded a rooster for a fine Jersey cow. We suppose a laying hen ought to be worth two Jersey cows.

President Taft doesn't want a big army. The Dickinson report isn't causing him to lose either sleep or weight.

Another record has been established. A Buffalo man jumped from a ten-story building without breaking his glasses.

Children still write letters to Santa Claus. It has never occurred to the little innocents to try to reach him by wireless.

The body of a dead boaconstrictor in Arkansas contained human hair, teeth and human bones. Looks like a case of indigestion.

Giving away millions must be a healthful exercise. Both Rockefeller and Carnegie look good for many more years on earth.

The world drinks 1,250,000,000 pounds of tea a year. Which would seem to indicate that drinking tea is some people's idea of quenching thirst.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat finds that childhood is as fond of the Teddy bear as ever. It is doubtful if Mr. Roosevelt's enemies can be made to believe this.

A Pennsylvania farmer has a pig that sings "Home, Sweet Home." The most improbable part of the story is that it learned to sing by listening to the hired man.

The Chinese senate is advocating representative government. Next thing the world knows that country will be abolishing the broadax as a reform weapon.

Chief Justice White of the supreme court, can't see through his wife's glasses. We don't pretend to know what effect this will have on the supreme court decisions.

A western man wants a divorce because he is haunted by his wife's astral spirit. We'll have to admit a little curiosity to know what the court is going to do with his case.

John D. Rockefeller is to play Santa Claus for the Tarrytown children. He is not physically adapted to the part, but a couple of pillows properly placed, will make up for his conspicuous lack of embonpoint.

THE PARCELS POST.

There is probably as much loose talk about the parcels post as about any government duty ever proposed. It appears upon the face of it an exceptional convenience. It is so easy to remark upon the success of the institution in Germany and Great Britain. Possibly there are persons in this country who have made a practical study of it and who favor it, but if the snap-shot editorial writers have looked into the matter they fail to betray that fact in their writings.

The express company trust comes in for a fling in all this superficial talk. The trust, we are given to understand, has been able to persuade Washington against adopting the parcels post system for years. How is it then that the jobbers who are bitterly opposed for the parcels post have also condemned the express companies? The two opinions don't agree. The express companies are surely not both for and against a parcels post, it would seem. Yet in a way they might be. Two or three years ago the officer of an express company was quoted as saying that the long-haul business was one of little profit, while the short-haul business might be conducted under existing contracts with the railroads at a cheaper price than the government could conduct it. This being true, the people would naturally employ the express company service for shipments going a short distance and shove the costly long-haul traffic over upon Uncle Sam's shoulders. In such a situation the postal deficit would be huge and alarming and would become a factor breeding political issues and swaying elections. The parcels post of England is all short-haul traffic. It is but eight hours from London to Glasgow. There need be no 24-hour haul—and possibly are but very few—in the whole United Kingdom of England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland. Compare that with the distances in our own country. There is, indeed, no true comparison. Railroad traffic in Germany is very much the same as in Britain, relatively short runs from one edge of the empire to the other. In the light of the words of the express company officer cited, we cannot rightly accept the examples of the parcels post systems of England and Germany as good examples for the United States.

The Blade is friendly to an experiment with the parcels post. It would certainly protest against its application without experiment and upon the urgency of editors who haven't given the subject thought or reasonable examination. The Blade is not tied to express companies, jobbers, or the mail order houses, and isn't going to let any one of them, or all of them, sway its opinions. What it does desire and what it has looked for in vain is a discussion on the part of persons who show they know thoroughly what they are talking about. The parcels post is a tremendous undertaking. It means an extension of governmental service upon a plane equal to the mail service of a quarter century ago. It means millions upon millions in appropriations. Until it can be told fairly well that those millions are to come back to the United States treasury it should be the duty of every citizen to say "go slow."

SPORTSMEN.

The Tories in England are the class which supports the race-tracks, do the grouse-shooting, hunt the fox with a pack of dogs, endow the golf-courses and play cricket.

A dispatch from London says:

The Tories are taking their tremendous beating in the elections badly. They make three impossible claims: First, that the election was unnecessary; secondly, that it was fraudulent, and, third, that a majority of over 100 must not be counted a majority at all. On top of this, they resort to all kinds of impotent and audacious threats. They threaten a civil war in Ireland and reckless fillibustering in parliament.

Someone said the Englishman was the best sportsman in the world—when he won. Which means also that he is the poorest sportsman—when he loses.

ECONOMY.

A governor of Georgia once gave up cigars for a pipe and for a year kept his resolve religiously. At the end of the year he reported as follows:

"By actual calculation I have saved by smoking a pipe, instead of cigars, the sum of $208. But where is it?"

Mr. Taft is doing what he can to save that $300,000,000 which Senator Aldrich said was possible of saving from the public revenues. He has pruned departmental estimates and made departmental heads prune more. He has put a damper upon congressional hopes for political appropriations, saying he wouldn't sign the bills. The watchword of the administration is "economy."

We wonder if, at the end of his term, Mr. Taft will adjust his glasses, look over the calculations of savings and then say "but where is it?"

A NEW SOCIOLOGICAL STUDY.

The vigilante societies of the west, the Anti-Horse Thief associations and the "Stranglers" typify order coming out of chaos. They were law where law was powerless or indifferent. They were sharp, clean cut justice where each man had come to think himself a licensed agent to do whatever he pleased, whatever the whim moved him.

It might be well for the city administration, while in the midst of its resentment against the proposed formation of a vigilante society upon the west side, to consider the history of society developing out of anarchy. It is one thing to provide a refuge for crooks with the understanding that no crime is to be committed in Toledo, and quite another thing to put dependence upon the word or the gratitude of crooks. It is one thing to salve over the non-enforcement of law with a dissertation upon the general subject of sociology and another to salve the feelings of people whose homes have been robbed, whose heads have been cracked, whose property has been depreciated by reason of a sorrowful attitude toward the professional criminals. It is one thing to supply innocent writers in the east with misinformation about this city's freedom from burglaries, murders and violence and another thing to escape the deadly evidence of the police blotter.

If the vigilante society is formed, if it does take the law into its own hands, the administration of Toledo will have an opportunity for a new study. An enforced study.

PREMIUM LACE CURTAINS—JANUARY EXPIRATIONS

By January third all subscribers whose time expires next month should receive our propositions for renewal.

Last January we sent more than two thousand pairs of lace curtains to those who sent us clubs of ten subscribers. We shall be prepared next month to increase the number by several hundred. We feel sure that all who sent us clubs of ten one year ago will do so again this year. We want to suggest that the vast number who sent us clubs of four one year ago, can very easily make their clubs ten this year, and obtain free a pair of lace curtains.

NOT A TRUE BAROMETER.

Dullness wreathes the steel industry. Advance orders for steel and iron are few and far between. The railroads are ordering material only as they need it. Steel building constructions is at ebb. No contracts are being signed for great engineering work. In the Pittsburg district it is estimated that 25,000 of the 110,000 men ordinarily employed in the mills are idle. Of the remaining 85,000 about 55 per cent onuly are working full time. Conditions at Youngstown, Wheeling and Johnstown are exactly the same as conditions in the Pittsburg field. For every ton of iron made one ton of coke is consumed. In the first week of January, this year, 449,082 tons of coke were produced in the Connellsville district. In the week ending December 10 the production was 292,435 tons and about one-third of the 60,000 men in the coke trade were out of work. About 6,500 of the laborers of the Pittsburg mills have fled back to Europe.

After the panic of 1907, the steel industry was watched with the keenest anxiety. It was assumed that as steel prospered or did poorly, so would business in general prosper or suffer. Steel was a barometer, a key to the industrial situation, a mark such as people along a stream watch in flood time. Yet in the face of the depression in the mills, teh merchants of Pittsburg declare that their Christmas trade has been excellent. In other parts of the country, both where the business is gauged as industrial and mercantile, the Christmas trade has been far above expectations, far above the estimates figured from the state of the steel industry and the reports of the stock markets. The facts as they stand indicate that steel is not a true barometer. It is not the key. Prosperity in America is—very happily for America—not dependent upon the health of any one industry and its allied and dependent trades.

TO DRAIN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

Virginia is about to undertake a drainage project which will make the Dismal Swamp a name as meaningless as the Black Swamp of Ohio. After a discussion which goes as far back as the days when George Washington was a surveyor, the swamp will be reclaimed and the state will gain a stretch of fertile ground, the production of which in a single year should pay for the money and energy expended.

Since the government began the labor of reclaiming desert lands in the west, it has been suggested that Uncle Sam also drain the swamps of the south, the total area of the state of Ohio. There can be no reasonable objection to the government performing the work if it can be carried out upon the terms of the irrigation projects, where the farmers benefited are to pay eventually for the building of dams, the cutting of ditches and the driving of tunnels. But the individual states of the south, as desirous as they may be to have the wet lands drained, may be very reluctant to surrender titles they hold or to help the government obtain titles from private owners. In the end it will probably be found that the scheme of drainage assessments which succeeded in Ohio and which are to be put in force in Virginia will prove more practical than calling in Uncle Sam.

SINS OF UNPREPAREDNESS.

When hostilities began in the Franco-Prussian war, Von Molitke rested. His work had been done. It had been his task to prepare for war. It was now his right, if he wished to exercise it, to take a vacation. It was for others to run the machinery he had constructed.

Contrast the German methodicalness with our own methods, or rather want of them, of conducting war. The war of 1812 found us with no army to speak of, one part of the country nearly on the point of mutiny, volunteers refusing to cross into Canada since, as they said, they had not enlisted for conquest, and the men of another section fighting like heroes though underfed, provided with no uniforms and compelled to furnish their own arms. Does anyone doubt that the Civil war had ended short-off if the attack of the South Carolinans upon Fort Sumter had been answered vigorously and been followed up by a sharp punitive raid against the leaders of the revolt? The Spanish war made our army a joke of such nations as had long before made a scientific study of war. The shilly-shallying, the criminal political gambling, the creation of a board of strategy assuming to know more about conditions at the front than those who were there knew, the fever camps and the embalmed beef scandal—these were horrible examples of unpreparedness.

Either the United States should be consistent and disband the whole army, trusting entirely to luck and bothering nothing about the losses of property and lives while an army is being made or else we should have an organization efficient, advanced, scientific, worth while.

THE DEMOCRATIC SENATORS.

The Wall street newspapers are fairly agreed upon the excellent qualities of one of the candidates for the United States senate. This candidate was called before the railways securities commission the other day.

He went on record as opposed to federal interference with railroads.

He did not believe the government should assume the responsibility of regulating issues of bonds.

More and more plainly the people of the country can read the true meaning of the election. They can see more and more clearly the tendency of the parties, the modeling of issues and policies in the hands of the victorious leaders. The Democratic party is gradually absorbing to itself the power and influence and opinions of big capital. The differentiation between the shrewd and organized conservative wing and the uncrystallized forces will be sharply drawn by the senatorial elections to be held within the next two weeks. It will be seen then that the corporate interests have gained almost complete control of the party. Their candidates have been carefully picked and the campaign for votes for them is on with keen vigor. In Maine, in New York, in Ohio, in several other states, the anti-progressive Democrats have perfected their plans, raised their funds and possibly have their votes put away in their vest pockets. After the Democrats have filled the posts available to them in the United States senate, the standpat Republican group will seem in comparison with the newcomers like skittish Kentucky horses passing the Washington monument.

MORE FIRE WASTE.

The national conservation congress in its report of January, 1909, said:

The greatest source of waste of structural material, and the one most easily reduced, is that arising from fires. The substitution of fire-resisting materials for those now used will tend largely to put an end to this waste. The fire loss of 1907, including property destroyed, maintenance of fire departments, amount of fire premiums above amount of losses, protective agencies, additional cost of water supplies, etc., reached a total over $456,485,900, about 50 per cent of the total value of new building construction in that year. This amount is 13 times the interest on the total national debt.

The population of the United States in 1880 was 50,155,783. The average annual fire loss of the years 1880-1889 was $101,254,626. The population had grown to about 86,000,000 by 1908, according to government estimates. The average annual fire loss of 1900-1908 was $219,903,319. Thus the population of the United States increased 73 per cent, while in the same period the fire loss increased 134 per cent.

The factories in Philadelphia and Chicago, in which so many lives were lost, were of the type long condemned, long the dread of firemen.

THE MODERN INQUISITION.

When the love letters a man has written are read in court, civilization slips back a notch. The thing is a barbarity, a mediaeval savagery belonging to the inquisition and the application of thumb-screws. The anguish of the old torture chambers had at least something of dignity about it. There were high examples—some which became famous—of nobility of spirit and physical endurance. But when one's love-letters are recited for the entertainment of a jury, there is no chance for the exercise of manhood. There is no dignity which cannot be made to appear absurd. There is nothing for the victim to do but grit his teeth and endure while his soul writhes and sweats in agony.

Chances are that half the men upon the jury who enjoy these exposures of asininity would rather go to their death than have their own love-letters read aloud. They take delight that a man has been found to have been as silly as themselves. But, strange to say, jurymen seldom indicate any sympathy in the case. They usually give the man whose foolishness has been paraded the worst of it. Human charity goes on a strike.

In a brighter, more decently minded civilization it will be agreed that every man is entitled to play the ass for at least one season in his life without danger of being held to account for it. Until then the talk about the brotherhood of men is all buncombe.

PETER AND GEORGE.

King Peter was displeased with Prince George. King Peter slapped Prince George a whack upon the ear that sent every servant in the palace straining to hear more. And they did hear another whack. For Prince George slapped back. His open palm landed upon the ear of King Peter and another throne was sent a-tottering. For Prince George is young and vigorous and his cheek smarted.

There were days in the Balkans when kings had cold, cruel eyes and put great store by their dignity. When ears were boxed then there was no boxing ears in retort. Not infrequently the court executioner was beckoned after the delivery of the blow. That was the way things ran about the palaces of those times. The crown prince of Germany and the crown prince of England would not think of replying in kind to any blow their fathers struck. The idea would be preposterous. You see affairs in Germany and England, so far as relate to the high estate of kings, are much as they were in the Balkans a century or two or three ago. They may, however, pass through the same evolution. Then the servants at Potsdam and the servants at Windsor will halt work simultaneously, listening eagerly for the sound of another blow and hoping there'll be a lot of them.

SHADY ADVICE.

The leader of the Mexican revolutionists, so he says, was moved to buy his uniform and strap on his sword by the advice of spirits. He was assured by prophets no longer in the flesh that Diaz was losing his balance and a slight push was all that was needed to send him sprawling out of the presidential chair. Acting upon this counsel, the patriot issued a long manifesto, stepped gingerly over the border and awaited the course of events to speed him to the capital. The fire of revolution proved only about one candlepower. The rebel leader recrossed the Rio Grande. Business at the capital went on with about as much smoothness as ever. The whole unpleasant experience constitutes a very grave case against the prime ministry of spookdom.

Now that science has got in touch with the hereafter and wireless communication with the innumerable throng has been set up, there will be more or less of this direction over the frontier of death into life. People will get to trusting ghosts instead of putting their troubles into the hands of tangible lawyers. Cabinet officers will be considered an expense if cheap advice is to be bought at every medium's spook parlor. But what shall we do when the consulting attorneys in sheets have betrayed their clients as they did Madero? The case is not actionable. It cannot be made the subject of a motion in disbarment. The thing will be bad—a danger to sober living, since it is likely to turn an aggrieved customer from the spirits of the past and gone to the spirits put up at Peoria, Ill., for handy transportation in jugs.

BACK TO REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMNT.

Champ Clark is getting something out of his experience. He has beheld Joseph Cannon gorge himself with power and self-esteem and thereupon become the target of parliamentary insurrectionists, the press and the voters. Clark would like the power, but not with a limited ticket. He proposes then that the speaker forego the rights and the responsibilities of naming the committees of the house, leaving the task and the rewards thereof to a special commission of representatives. Of course, political favor will still be a requisite for getting upon an important committee. A representative must still be in good standing with the speaker and the party in majority. But the proposal of Champ Clark is a step and a big one back toward the representative government intended by the founders of the republic. It means a return to independence in the house. It is a blow to the needless and dangerous autocracy builded up by Joseph Cannon. If Champ Clark can persuade his fellow partymen to this course he will have done much toward assuring himself an honorable tenancy of the speaker's desk.

SCHOONERS.

The greater part of the tonnage turned out by the shipyards upon the Atlantic coast consists now of schooners—fishing boats and small cargo carriers. Though the schooner is disappearing from the lakes, its economic power lost, the vessel survives and prospers upon the seaboard. Work is found for it where steamships are too costly. Cargoes are supplied which are not considered worth the while of steam vessels to put into harbor for. Americans of the old strain, who love sail and the true bite of the sea, man these schooners, accepting the dangers and uncertainties as preferable to the coal-shoveling and brass-cleaning upon the steamers.

Though every report of gale, hurricane or blizzard is followed or attended by reports of the loss of these little cargo boats, they still are financed and builded and boasted about. The deaths, the hardships, the loss of labor and money and goods seem little discouragement to investment and none at all to those who follow the sea for livelihood. Conditions of commerce have transformed the schooners of the lakes into tow barges or sent them to the graveyard. But these conditions may only be a temporary blight. It may some day be found that the slower freight of interlake ports can be carried much cheaper by schooner than by steamer or by rail. Business that cannot make steam traffic pay may be performed as profitably by the schooners as it is upon the seaboard.

A LADY OF POMPEII.

When the clouds above Pompeii were of sulphurous smoke and the rain they rained was ashes, a lady of wealth delayed her flight from the doomed city long enough to get her jewels together. Minutes were precious, but not in the lady's heart so precious as her jewels. Just beyond the city gates and all but beyond the area of danger, the ashes overwhelmed her. They smothered and covered her and her jewels. They buried her with her treasure. The rains came and packed the ashes tightly about the body and in time the mysterious chemicals of the ground, working infinitely slowly through the centuries, dissolved all flesh away and left the lady but a hollow in the ground, a mold in ashes.

A few days ago workmen began digging outside of the walls of Pompeii for the foundations of a museum building. Excavation proceeds carefully there for no one knows what wonder may be found. So when a workman's pick penetrated a little cave, the labor was halted while plaster of Paris was poured into the hollow. It is an old business at Pompeii and great skill has been developed. When the plaster was hardened, the cast was taken out. And lo, it was a figure of that Roman lady passed away hundreds of years ago, passed away into far recesses of the earth, her record of existence a little mold amid packed ashes. One hand—now of cold plaster—was clutched at her breast and in the hand were rings and amulets studded with gems.

The lady of Pompeii lived possibly while yet Christ was still upon earth and a woman full-grown when Paul was taken a prisoner to Rome. It is a long time ago, but the pitiful passion of which this woman is a symbol in plaster can scarce he said to be old or young. It is of all time.

MORE ABOUT THE ARMY.

There was really no need of Leonard Wood to explain that he didn't fear war. It was only a lot of folk who didn't understand him and hadn't the slightest serious interest in his work who said he did. And these all-wise, self-complacent creatures were scarcely worth paying any attention to.

The people whom General Wood wished to appeal to, the sensible majority, were those who had some realization of the needs and benefit of national thrift. He brought to their attention the fact that our protective measures were not sufficient provision against a rainy day of international conflict. A happy-go-lucky attitude toward the chances of fate is considerably less picturesque in a nation than it is in an individual It is an invitation to nations whose foreign policy is that of the bully. It lays a country open to the jealous The government understanding its limitations must either snivel and cower and swallow indignities as China has had to, or else play the bluffer. The one course is as unbearable as the other is dangerous. To be prepared for defense ought just as much to be a virtue as for a family to be prepared against the coming of the rent collector and the bill from the grocer. It is the greater virtue when it has taken wise consideration of our history which has been inspiring in its patriotism and sacrifice, but the patriotism and sacrifice of which would have been little needed had those who directed the country's affairs been prepared.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

OLD HISTORY FOR NEW STUDY

International Sunday School Lesson for Jan. 1 Is "The Kingdom Divided," 1 Kings 12:1-24.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

From the Jews who wail by the remnant of the old Temple in Jerusalem, or peddle small wares in the ghettoes of the great cities, it is a far cry to the glories of Solomon, when the Jewish empire stretched from Egypt on the South to the Lebanon on the north, and from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates. Even at its zenith, the kingdom of Solomon did not reach the extent of many of the other powers of the ancient and modern world. Yet no other nation has ever affected human thought, and the currents of history so profoundly as have the Jews.

Now that the mighty host of the Sunday school throughout the world are to spend a year in studying the history of the divided kingdom of Israel, it is well to bear in mind the basic facts which every intelligent person should know. The Promised Land extended from the River Orontes, north of the Lebanon range, to the Egyptian desert on the south, and from the sea on the west to the desert on the east. The boundaries have frequently changed, and there is really no geographical division known as Palestine. The territory so designated is in that strip of Asia bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, north of Egypt; it is approximately 150 miles long and 75 miles wide. Its present population is about 700,000 persons. The present government is Turkish.

A Historic Territory.

Many of the great nations of history have held sway over it, in whole or in part, since the children of Israel, under Joshua, wrested it from the tribes whom they found in possession. The empire of Phoenicia, which was coexistent with Solomon's reign, stretched along the coast to Mount Sidon and Tyre. The tourist may gather the fragments of shells from which the famous Tyrian purple was extracted; and he may buy either a Phoenician sarcophagus or a "tear bottle," of irridescent Phoenician glass, as his purse and fancy may dictate.

Temple and other relics of these successive conquests abound in Palestine, Hittite, Roman, Egyptian, Assyrian, Babylonian, Greek and Frank (or Crusader) antiquities are all obtainable by a person interested. These various powers have all disappeared; they have had their day and gone. But the Jewish people persist as a separate entity. This is one of the marvels of history. Force has been unable to crush them or cunning to absorb them. From the four corners of the earth they gather in Jerusalem in increasing numbers, and as, a few days ago, I watched that pathetic line of young and old, male and female, fervently kissing the temple stones in the place of wailing, I thought that the ancient passion of the Jew for the city of David which he has forfeited has grown no less with the years.

Solomon the Magnificent.

It is the fashion of those who affect the detachment of modern scholarship to speak of the Jews as if they had been thoroughly history a mere handful comparatively, of pastoral and semi-nomadic people. We may not forget that under Solomon the Hebrew nation was a great world power, the vanquisher of Egypt and Assyria, and a marvel of prosperity and magnificence. From down at the lower end of Arabia came the Queen of Shea to behold the state of the rich and wise king, who had alliances with the other great rulers of his day.

As some of the European nations are learning today, imperalism bears hardly upon the common people. Solomons' state had to be supported by the humble toilers. His armaments, his stables (still shown beneath the temple area in Jerusalem), his palaces, his thrones, all cost the money of the country. One look into Solomon's quarries will show what was involved in the labor of the people during all this magnificent building era. There is always an under side to the glory of kings, and the ordinary folk know it best.

A Little Land and Its Hills.

Palestine is a land of ups and downs, fertile valleys and rolling hills and mountains. It is well adapted for settlement by different groups of people; to this day its population is split into regions of Druses, Syrians, Greek Catholics, Roman Catholics, Maronites, Armenians, Mitawelah, Bedouins and Jews. The separation of the 12 tribes accords with the natural division of the region.

David and Solomon had united the people; but there were rival religious capitals, Shechem, on the slope of Mt. Gerazim, claimed priority over Mt. Zion, even as it does today. Last week the high priest of the Samaritans, Jacob, son of Aaron, handed me a pamphlet setting forth the claims of Sechem, where he and his diminishing sect maintain a tiny synagogue. A range of hills divided the land into northern and southern parts, so that the line of cleavage was always present.

The history of Israel has centered about its mountains, from Sinai to Olivet; the point is one deserving fuller study.

The Cry of the Poor.

The slopes of Gerazim and Ebal are now bare and rocky, though Jacob's well and Joseph's tomb may still be seen in the valley between. What they must have looked when verdure clad and covered with the encamped hosts of Israel we may only imagine. The city of Shechem, to which Israel resorted to crown Rehoboam as his father's successor, is the modern Nablus, a dirty, smelly city with curious vaulted streets, and a bigoted Moslem population. The small boys throw stones at the foreigners who visit it.

Always excitable, the city was never more so than when the Jews gathered to consider the state of the nation, and to prepare their bills of grievances to the new king. They were restive under the heavy yoke of Solomon. The gold and glitter and pomp had been a sore burden. The people took advantage of the new regime to attempt to secure reforms.

It was the old, old human cry of the overborne and heavy-laden: "Make our yoke lighter." The world is clamant with the same appeal today. Never were the poor and the laboring and the ill-treated so insistent as now in calling aloud for justice. Woe unto capital and power when they follow the example of foolish Rehoboam. For the last word is always with the masses.

A Young Man's Folly.

There was the making of a wise man in Rehoboam; he must have inherited some of his father's good traits, for he cautiously asked the people to give him three days in which to make decisions. Usually, youth is precipitate. We might have expected some impulsive and arrogant answer on the instant. A grave question of national policy was at issue, and the new king shrewdly took time for consideration and for seeking counsel.

What a three days of bubbub and debate and impatience that must have been in old Shechem! Gesticulating Jews squatted about the gates, or stood in front of the bazars, or sat in the khans, discussing the probable decisions of the king and declaring what they would do in case he should refuse their demands. Those were anxious times in Shechem, for king and people.

Most people ask advice when they desire only approval. Rehoboam rejected the counsel of the older statesmen, that he deal leniently with the people, and accepted that of his flatterers, because the wine of new power had gone to his head. He had youth's intolerance and impatience and cocksuredness and conceit. He blundered, as countless others have done before and since, in regarding the rights of special privilege, while disregarding its responsibilities. He had power and knew it, but he had not yet attained to a sense of stewardship. The vicarious impulse which would have made him put the people's welfare ahead of his own, had not developed in his character.

So, urged on by sycophants as "heady" and irresponsible as himself, he returned an unfeeling and insolent answer to the subjects from whom he had got his throne. They exercised the primitive human right to "strike" or rebel, or whatever else it may be called. The cry, "To your tents, O Israel!" arose, and there was a defection of 10 tribes from the standard of Judah. Soon Rehoboam was fleeing across the plain and the hills for his very life. Too late he perceived he had played the fool. The kingdom of his father was divided, never again to be reunited.

ROAD THAT MADE MISSOURI

Daniel Boone's Sons Helped Survey It More Than 100 Years Ago.

The World Today.

The most famous highway in the central west was the Boone's Lick road. Surveyed in 1815 from St. Charles, 25 miles west of St. Louis, to Old Frankfort, Mo., 150 miles further west, it turned immigration toward central Missouri and six years later brought Missouri into the Union as a state.

It was the road that made Missouri. It was the father of the Santa Fe trail, which, extending from Old Franklin, brought commerce and immigration to Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico. The making of roads means the building of commonwealths. The Boon's Lick road is a notable though almost forgotten example.

In 1804 two sons of Daniel Boone, the great pioneer of the west, Daniel and Nathan Boone, made salt at salt springs found in central Missouri. The country was then a wilderness. The Boones and their companions were the only white men in the territory west of St. Charles. They boiled the spring water in huge iron kettles, and the crude salt which formed the residue they floated in hollow logs down the Missouri river, to be sold at the French village of St. Louis.

Deer had come to the salt springs to lick the salt. The place, in western pioneer slang, was a "lick," and because the Boone's there manufactured the salt the locality was named Boon's Lick. The Boone's spelled their name indifferently, with or without the final "e."

Two years later a settlement of English speaking men and women was made near Boon's Lick and shortly afterward the town of Old Franklin, 12 miles distant, upon the Missouri river, was founded. Then arose the necessity for a highway between Old Franklin and St. Louis and St. Charles, the large cities of the new west, each with several thousand inhabitants. The Boon's Lick road was the result.

It was not much of a road as roads go now. It was not macadamized or paved or graveled. Indeed, it was little better in its early days than a mere "trace," or hint of the road's direction.

The two Boons, with surveying parties, ran a line that followed the ridge or watershed between the Missouri and Mississippi rivers. The smaller streams were forded. On the large rivers were primitive ferryboats, hollow-log canoes locked together. There were no bridges. The sign posts were the blazes, or marks, cut in the forest trees along the roadway. The road machinery consisted of a rifle, an ax and a grubbing hoe.

Desertions From the Army.

New York Sun.

A certain muckraking magazine has taken up the subject of desertions from the army and is profusely illustrating its articles to show that the enlisted men are habitually required to perform menial duties, undergo needless hardships and generally render degrading services. "Fifty thousand men have deserted in the last 12 years," declares this magazine and the pictures are given to tell us why. There are pictures that show men shoveling coal into bins, running lawn mowers over some dandy officer's premises, carrying food to the messrooms and washing dishes afterward, pictudes of all kinds, in fact, that are calculated to arouse indignant sympathy for the enlisted man and make desertion look like a solemn duty for all high-spirited persons.

There is a great need of desertion. No doubt the muckraking figures are correct. Desertions have been steadily increasing ever since the canteen was abolished. The soldier's life is one of rather colorless routine. Of course assignments are regularly shifted and there is a rotation of duty and locality. Enlisted men are at intervals transferred from Fort Snelling or Fort Riley to Washington or New York, Chicago, Atlanta and so on, where the cloistered life finds its consolations and where the rumshop supplants the once excellent charms of the canteen.

Less than ever before are the enlisted men of the army today required to go outside their strictly military duties. Cooks and assistant cooks are enlisted as such. Men care for the horses, etc., of officers under their own application for their own preference and at their own pay. They do not need to do it unless they wish to make the money. The messroom service is arranged by regular detail and then only by members of the mess. Much of the menial work is performed either by civilians hired for the purpose or by prisoners sentenced for good cause to temporary servitude. Our enlisted man under the present dispensation has more privileges than he ever had before, better pay and more considerate treatment. With his allowances for quarters, food and clothing he is better off, so far as concerns mere money, than the average city employe at $75 a month, and if he wishes to he can lead a wholesome and self-respecting life. And promotion with much higher pay and perquisites is within his reach.

Ferrer's Hardships in Prison.

The following extract from William Archer's article on the "Trial and Death of Ferrer," in the December McClure's, is from a letter written by Ferrer while he was imprisoned at the Carcel Celular:

"They put me in a repungent cell, fetid, cold, damp, without air or light, in the underground region of the prison, where so rotten an atmosphere prevails that in descending to it you can't help turning your head away. In this cell (8 feet by 13) there is a plank bed, a pallasse, a counterpane, and a sheet—all filthy, disgusting. A pan for refuse and a jar of drinking water. Impossible to sleep on account of the cold and the little animals of all sorts which swarmed, and which, on the first night, attacked me at every point, I took the precaution afterwards of leaving crumbs of bread in the four corners, so that the beetles left me in peace; not so the other beasts. For food, soup twice a day, always the same, made with chick-peas (garbanzos) in the morning, and with haricots in the evening, served in such darkness that it was very difficult to pick out the lumps of rancid bacon which almost made me sick. It needed a good stomach like mine to resist this, and a strong will not to be cast down. I asked for a basin and water so as to be able to wash at least my hands and face. My request was granted after six days. I asked for soap, but as the police had kept all my money I could not get any until I protested so much that at last the governor of the prison, Don Benito Nieves, a charming person, gave me a piece of his own, and then made me a present of a cake. To combat the cold and the tedium of not being able to read, or talk, or see any one, I paced up and down my cell, like a wild animal, until I prespired. When I saw that my incommunication was not soon to end, I asked, on September 11, for a change of linen (I had been in prison since the 1st), for I could not endure to live in such filth, upon me and around me. They gave me clean linen on the 23d!"

Seven Sentence Sermons.

To live is not to breathe; it is to act.—Rousseau.

Every sin journeys forward fully equipped with instruments for its own punishment.—Hillis.

The Holy Supper is kept indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need.
—Lowell.

A life of true faith is a life of power.—Speer.

The surest way to get a larger place is to make our service fill and overflow the place we occupy.—Josiah Strong.

Stand to your work and be strong,
Halting not in your ways;
Stand to your work and be wise,
Certain of sword and palm,
Ye—who are neither children nor gods,
But men in a world of men.
—Kipling.

I should infinitely rather feel myself the most miserable wretch on the face of the earth, with a God above, than the highest type of man standing alone.—Tennyson.

He Needed a Drink.

London Daily News.

A stingy angler was fishing on a Scottish loch on a drenching day. He had been consoling himself from his flask and the gillie if there was a dry place in the boat on which to strike a match. "You might try my throat," said the gillie, "it's dry enough."

Varieties

Vaccination is a voting qualification in Norway.

Chile's 899 postoffices serve about 3,000,000 persons.

The average depth of the English channel is 110 feet.

Tourists spend $30,000,000 annually in Switzerland.

It is easier to be divorced than marry in Switzerland.

There are 45.4 quarts in 100 pounds of milk.

It is proposed to open a Japanese bank in Buenos Aires.

The population of Japan increases by a million a year.

The envelope was invented by a Frenchman in 1653.

The biggest stone statue is in Japan, 44 feet high.

There are about 170,000,000 cubic miles of water in the Pacific.

Of the great cities of Europe the latitude of Madrid is the highest.

The number of accidents to climbers in the Alps increases each season.

Pennsylvania has one-fifth of the cotton ment mills in the United States.

Fifty-seven unmarried persons to themselves to 43 married.

Only one-tenth of the population of the United States is of unmixed descent.

Many American farmers are settling in Mexico, their numbers fast increasing.

A chair of crystal made by a Birmingham firm for an Indian rajah cost $

A pair of engine driving wheels is reckoned to last about 67,000 miles' travel.

The largest bronze statue, that of Peter the Great, at St. Petersburg, weighs 100 tons.

Automatic machines have been invented which will thoroughly clean 3,600 an hour.

Before lightning rods can be erected in Prussia permits must be obtained from the police.

Of the offspring of insane people about 59 out of every 100 are sound mentally.

Out of every million letters that pass through the postoffice it is calculated that only one goes astray.

For several years British vessels in the South China trade have lost money because of Japanese competition.

In the valley of Rebas, in the Pyrenees, is found a race of dwarfs who all have red hair, broad faces and noses.

The oldest piece of music still in use is the Blessing of the Priests, which was originally used in the temple at Jerusalem.

Great Britain has municipal tramways worth $229,381,000 and during the last year over $9,500,000 was paid in to holders of such stock.

Russia is very careful whom it allows to travel in central Asia. An ordinary Russian passport will not admit one to this district.

Canada's new lobster law demands that the lobster boxes have slats not more than one and one-half inches apart. Penalties for violation are severe.

A coin in the slot machine that a New Yorker has invented to sell newspapers is arranged to accommodate various sizes papers and to accept various prices.

During 1909 the Montreal markets disposed of more than $200,000 worth of frogs' legs, of which more than 50 per cent were produced in the province of Quebec.

For the first time in many years a court has been discontinued in Crawford county, Pennsylvania, for want of a sufficient number of cases to make it worth while paying jurors.

In Nottingham, England, during 1909 the male deaths from cancer were fifty-five fifths those of females, while in former years they did not exceed three-fifths and were only one-half in 1908.

Four groups of wings, two of two wings each and two others of three wings flapped by cranks attached to a motor car are the features of a flying machine recently invented by a German.

Ten years ago the total number of passengers carried one mile in the United States was about 13.3 billions. In ten years' time this has increased over 50 per cent, reaching a total of 29.5 billions.

The French press is perturbed over the statement that there are twice as many pictures by Rembrandt in the United States as there are in Holland and more than there are in Austria, Belgium, Denmark, Italy, Roumania, Spain and Switzerland put together.

Introduction of the Gregorian calendar into Russia is sought by influential Germans, who point out that the use of the Julian calendar by Russia greatly affects business transactions and often leads to disastrous misunderstandings.

A municipal councillor of Paris has introduced a proposal to tax all

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 429 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book, which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

ARE YOU SICK?

And discouraged; not interested in anything? Do you want to feel fresh and wide awake in the morning, ambitious to work? Write for 30 days' treatment, and

GET WELL

When the stomach, liver and kidneys are allowed to go diseased for a time, a condition of misery follows. Bladder and urinary trouble and weakness due to excesses are serious. Don't neglect them. Old Dr. Wright remedies help old and young. Thirty days' treatment, one dollar. Write today.

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Give me your name and address and I will tell you how to reduce your bust, waist and hips without starving.

Results Guaranteed.

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Sufferers from Eczema and all skin diseases may get immediate relief FREE. We will send to all afflicted persons a quantity of Frank's Eczema Remedy, the marvelous new scientific remedy for Eczema and all torturing skin diseases absolutely without charge. Why suffer longer. Write today.

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Ladies when delayed or irregular use Triumph Pill, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

LOSE HOPE FOR AIRMAN

Searchers Conclude Grace Lost in Sea Trip.

London, Dec. 25.—Th elast hope has been abandoned by the searchers who are sweeping the British coast and the North Sea for Cecil S. Grace, the English aviator who made the trip across the English channel as far as the Belgian frontier and has not been seen since he started to recross from Calais to Dover.

It was rumored Saturday night that the crew of a fishing boat had seen the aviator fall into the North sea, but answers to telegrams sent to all points along the coasts of Belgium and Holland all were that there was no news of the air man. There is no confirmation of the report that an aeroship without a passenger had been picked up in the North sea.

Lost Bearings in Fog.

The most plausible theory of his disappearance is that he lost his bearings in the fog and instead of approaching Dover bore off over the Goodwin islands, a range of shoals at the southern end of the North sea. Quick sands stretch for ten miles along th ecoast about half a mile from shore and it is there that it is feared Grace met his death.

WOMAN FOUND IN CHAIN GANG

Dressed as Man and Seeking Work Is Sentenced as a Vagrant.

Muskogee, Okla., Dec. 25.—After working four days with a chain gang on the streets of Muskogee, cleaning up debris and putting in wooden culverts, "Will Taylor" was discovered today to be Mrs. Lawrence Hanlon, of St. Louis, who donned men's clothing November 26 and with her husband started to the southwest, seeking work.

They were stranded in Muskogee and were picked up by the police on a charge of vagrancy before they had been in town two hours and were sentenced to 10 days on the chain gang.

Officers in charge of the chain gang say Mrs. Hanlon has done more work in four days than any of the men.

PASTE GEM DIVORCE GROUND.

Wife Sues When She Learns Engagement "Diamond" is Glass.

Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 25.—Because the alleged diamond in a ring which her fiance gave her on the eve of their marriage proved to be glass Mrs. Georgia Lou Miller, now the 17-year old wife of Frank Max Miller, yesterday filed suit for divorce.

Miller came here from Brooklyn some months ago and began to pay court to the daughter of a prominent family. The girl eloped with Miller, despite the opposition of her family. She says her husband began to treat her badly after the wedding, but she would have overlooked this if she had not learned that the alleged diamond was glass.

HIS LOADED LEG BLOWS UP

Dynamite in Boot Explodes as Carrier Digs Ditch.

Hazleton, Pa., Dec. 24.—Carrying a stick of dynamite in his bootleg, John McCarthy, ex-treasurer of West Hazleton borough, had his left leg blown off yesterday morning. He was working in a sewer trench and a sudden jar sent off the explosive.

ITALY IS ON GUARD

Old Feud Centering on the Frontier Likely to Fuse Into War.

Vienna, Dec. 25.—Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Este, backed by the energetic Field Marshall Krobatin (who probably will soon be minister of war), is planning a reorganization of the Austro-Hungarian army. The service term will be shortened from three to two years; the annual recruit contingent will be raised to 195,000; and as a result the army's peace strength will count 330,000 instead of 309,000 men.

The delegations have not yet voted the neccessary money, but there is little doubt that they will. And behind these preparations come four Dreadnoughts, two already under way at the Trieste Stabilimento Tecnico and the other two somewhat a matter of mystery.

These facts are signs and potents. Most portentous of all is the magnetic, aggressive figure of Foreign Minister Aehrenthal, who stands behind the preparations. And everywhere Austria is drilling, mustering, shooting at targets, and dragging siege guns to the tops of toppling mountain peaks. It is a sudden resurrection of a once decadent state, a sudden return to the height of power which Austria occupied in the mid nineteenth century when she humiliated Prussia at Olmutz.

Only Quarrel With Italy

Against whom are the martial preparations made? The answer is reached by a process of elimination. Not against Russia. Russia in the view of the central European powers, is crippled for two decades.

Similarly Austria is not arming against Turkey, for Turkey, if not already in the triple alliance, is near it; and after the brief dispute over Bosnia it has become the settled policy of Austria and Germany to back Turkey up.

With one European power alone has Austria a solid and serious dispute. That power is her ally, Italy. Statesmen put a pleasant face on Austro-Italian relations. The two peoples know better.

There lies between them the source of unceasing irritation, the bone of contention known as "Italia irredenta," that is, "unredeemed Italy," composed of the great Italian speaking provinces which still obey, and obey with a loathing and disgust, the sway of the German Hapsburgs. It is an old quarrel, which runs throughout Europe's history, the quarrel between Latin and Goth, between Guelph and Ghibelline, between the artistic romance races and the German "tedeschi" barbarians. And now it seems that the immemorial fight is to be renewed and fought at last, perhaps, to a really decieseive end.

Statesmen Want No War.

Austrian and Italian statesmen want no war. Both are driven to arm by historical forces which are infinitely stronger than their good intentions. To conceal this disagreeable fact they parade the touching comedy of Austro-Italian love and affection as partners in the triple alliance. Thus Marquis di San Giuliarno, Italy's foreign minister, last September sailed on Count Aehrenthal at Salzburg and was gushingly received by Kaiser Franz Joseph at Ischi. After a month's delay Count Aehrenthal went to Turin and returned the visit. After both meetings semi-official statements affirmed that relations were cordial.

At one time it was mildly admitted there had been a friction. Austria had thought of marching to Salonica, and Italy of seizing Albania. But the regenerated Turkey of today has made those old aims impracticable, and Italy and Austria therefore have no further cause for quarrels. So say the diplomats. But while these reassuring statements are flying around come the news of fresh Austrians armaments; of fresh quarrels on the frontier, and of fierce polemics between the Italian and Austrian press. The cause of "Italia irredenta" proves to be tenfold stronger than any official explanations, and today every one understands that Austro-Italian relations are worse than they have been since the strugle of 1866.

Want a Greater Italy.

Italian patriots are not afraid to push their claim. They want a greater Italy. Their country's real frontier, they affirm, is the main chain of the Alps, marked by the St. Gothard pass in Switzerland and by the Brenner pass in the Austrian Tyrol. The Brenner separates North from South Tyrol, and as South Tyrol has a large German population, the Italian claim goes too far. But the part farthest from the Brenner is purely Italian, and even includes the two old Venetian cities of Trient and Riva.

$7,000,000 IN THIS PAYROLL

Pittsburg Plants Finish Paying Their Men.

Pittsburg, Dec. 24.—Paymasters in the industrial plants in the Pittsburg district completed their work today when the last of $7,000,000 was distributed to the men. It is one of the largest pays in the history of the district, and includes men employed by the steel, coal and coke industries as well as the river interests.

One corporation paid 7,000 men on Friday in order that their families might have the money for shopping early Saturday. Others have been distributing funds throughout the week. The holiday will be short.

NICHOLAS WORKS OVER TARIFF

Longworth Stays at Deserted Capitol Framing Draft of His Bill.

Wasington, Dec. 25.—The capitol was almost deserted yesterday, most of the members of congress being at their homes for the holidays.

Representative Longworth, of Ohio, was one of the few members at work. He is ging over the whole question of a tariff commission bill and will have completed a draft of a measure, representing as nearly as possible the view of the majority of the ways and means committee by the time congress reassembles on Jan. 5.

WOMEN WEAR TIGER SKINS.

Parisians Deck Themselves Out in Novel Costumes.

Paris, Dec. 25.—Up to date Parisiennes who go shooting now wear a jacket made of tiger skin, a short skirt and high laced boots and a smart velvet turban with aigrette.

Another daring novelty has been set by Mme. Napierwokska, the celebrated Russian dancer, who wears an aigrette made of fine glass.

These are of various shades and in the evening they sparkle brilliantly with every movement.

MORPHINE

PAINLESS HOME TREATMENT.

ST. JAMES SOCIETY, Suite 760, 1181 Broadway, New York

We will send any one addicted to Opium, Morphine, Laudanum or other drug habit a free trial treatment of the most remarkable remedy ever discovered. Refractory cases solicited. Confidential correspondence invited from all, especially physicians.

GIVES $10,000,000

Rockefeller Hands University One More Gift and Now Will Quit.

Chicago, Dec. 21.—John D. Rockefeller has completed the task he set for himself in the founding of the University of Chicago.

Yesterday public announcement was made of a "single and final gift" of $10,000,000, which includes all the contributions Mr. Rockefeller plans to make to the university. This sum, which is to be paid in 10 annual installments, beginning January 1, will make a total of approximately $35,000,000 that Mr. Rockefeller has donated to the university.

Mr. Rockefeller says he now believes the school should be supported and enlarged by the gifts of many rather than those of a single donor. This, he believes, will be better accomplished if the public understands the limit of his contemplated assistance. The founding of new departments he leaves to the trustees, as, he says, funds may be furnished by other friends of the university.

Others Give $7,000,000.

The sum of nearly $7,000,000 has been donated to the university in addition to Mr. Rockefeller's gifts.

With the announcement of Mr. Rockefeller's "final" donation came the resignation of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Fred T. Gates, Mr. Rockefeller's personal representatives, from the university board of trustees.

In enclosing these resignations, Mr. Rockefeller explained that he was only carrying out a conviction that the institution should be "controlled, conducted and supported by the people" with whom up to this date he had been simply co-operating.

Mr. Rockefeller's idea, as it is understood, is that he is turning over the institution and its endowment to Chicago and the west, and in so doing withdraws from any further representation in its control.

The official announcement of the benefaction was made at the quarterly convocation at the university yesterday afternoon. President Martin A. Ryerson, of the board of trustees, read a letter from Mr. Rockefeller dated December 13, and addressed to the president and trustees of the university. The letter in part follows:

Mr. Rockefeller's Letter.

"I have this day caused to be set aside for the University of Chicago from the funds of the general education board, which are subject to my disposition, income-bearing securities of the present market value of approximately $10,000,000, the same to be delivered to the university in 10 equal annual installments, beginning January 1, 1911, each installment to bear income to the university from the date of such delivery only. In a separate letter of even date my wishes regarding the investment and uses of the funds are more specifically expressed."

A BOOK WORTH READING

Every subscriber to this paper should read the new ADLER-I-KA BOOK about Appendicitis. It tells how Appendicitis is caused, how it can be often cured without operation and how it can be easily prevented. The book can be secured free from the Adlerika Co., St. Paul, Minn. Enclose a 2c stamp when you write and mention this paper.

8 DIE IN HOLIDAY CRASH

English Passengers on Way North for Christmas.

Kirkby-Stephen, England, Dec. 24.—Eight passengers were killed, some of them instantly and the others burned to death and 25 more injured in the wreck of the Scotch express near Hawes Junction today.

The express carried 500 persons bound for their homes in Scotland to spend Christmas. It was running at its ordinary speed, when near the junction it collided with a pilot engine and was derailed. Fire broke out in the wreckage, and the whole train with the exception of the locomotive and a rear baggage car was reduced to ashes.

It was thought at first that but two persons had been killed and that the others had had time to escape before the flames swept through the coaches. A search of the debris, however, resulted in the discovery of charred bodies, and by the time that the whole wreckage had been gone through eight bodies had been recovered.

FREEZES TO ENGINE PILOT.

Homesick Man Has Hard Time on the Way.

Ithaca, N. Y., Dec. 25.—Adolph Jerge nearly froze to death while beating a ride on the pilot of an express train from Geneva to this city.

Jerge resides in South Boston, Mass., and he has been away from home and up against it. The Christmas spirit moved him to yearn for home folks and he started for Boston on a freight. When he got to Geneva he left the freight and climbed on the pilot of the express in order to make better time.

It was a cold day and Jerge had failed to take this fact into consideration. The express train went over a mile a minute, which added to the cold. It took just 40 minutes for the train to come the 41 miles from Geneva here. The speed was so great that Jerge had to hold tight to a rod on the pilot to stay on.

When the train stopped at the Ithaca station and Jerge tried to drag his weary frame from the cow-catcher he found he could not. His hands were frozen to the rod and aid was necessary to free them. His ears also were frozen, and he was so exhausted that it required hard work to restore him.

It is considered remarkable that he lived through the ordeal. A few more miles surely would have meant death.

WILL CUTS OFF THEOSOPHISTS.

Major Hanson of Atlanta, Ga., Leaves Income on Condition.

Atlanta Ga., Dec. 25.—If such members of his family as are identified with the Universal Brotherhood, and who now live at Point Loma, Cal., renounce their allegiance to this creed and remove their residence from that point they may enjoy his estate as soon as they are legally capable.

Such is the chief provision of the will of Major John Fletcher Hanson, late president of the Central of Georgia railway. In his will Major Hanson alleges that his home was broken up through the embracing of theosophy by his wife and all his children save one, and he declares that he wants none of his money to go to the theosophical cult.

He directs however, that his children and grandchildren at Point Loma may receive the income from their shares, but the principal is not to be paid until they renounce the faith and reach the age of 35.

The estate is valued at $400,000.

NEW SON OF ARDEN

Modern Enoch, Finding Her Married, Goes Straight Away for Justice.

Wilkesbarre, Pa, Dec. 25.—The latest Enoch Arden to come to light appeared in this city today and promptly took most of the romance out of his story by charging the woman he left here as his wife with bigamy, and asking a warrant for her arrest. He is Lord Fowler, of an old and distinguished family of French refugees, who disappeared from Meshoppen, five miles west of here, 10 years ago. He left no trace and kept himself completely hidden until three months ago, when he came back looking for Mrs. Fowler.

True to the lines of the Tennyson romance, Mrs. Fowler had worn her heart out looking for her missing husband and in the course of six years married W. W. Price, firmly believing, as she says, that Mr. Fowler was dead. Three months ago he reappeared and without giving any record of his itinerary for the preceding 10 years, went before the grand jury and succeeded in having Mrs. Fowler-Price indicted on a bigamy charge. The case was called for trial, but Mr. Fowler had succumbed to the wanderlust again, and could not be found, so the charge was dismissed. A month later he reappeared and at his solicitation Alderman Brown issued a warrant for Mrs. Price, but the constable found the woman ill and would not serve it.

Wife Waited Five Years.

Today the wanderer appeared before Alderman Brown for the third time, but Mr. Brown told him he was tired of the case and the only thing for Mr. Fowler to do was to engage counsel. Mr. Fowler said that he would press the charge.

Lord is Mr. Fowler's Christian name, and not a title. He is a descendant of one of the French royalist refugees, who fled to Pennsylvania in the Revolution, founded the town of Asylum and planned to bring Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette to this country.

Mrs. Fowler declared today that she made every possible exertion to find her missing husband for more than five years. Honestly believing him dead, she listened to the pleadings of Mr. Price, a prosperous merchant of this city, who came awooing about that time. The shock of the sudden discovery that her first husband was still alive, she says, made her ill for several weeks and she was unable to appear when first summoned on the bigamy charge. She was married to Mr. Fowler at Nescopeck, Pa., 20 years ago.

Shoots Self, Goes on With Phone Talk

New York, Dec. 24.—After firing a 38-calibre bullet into his head, John Rice propped himself on his elbow on the floor and, calling for the telephone receiver, calmly resumed a conversation he had been holding with a young woman at the other end of the line. "You should see me now, Ray," he said. "I'm an awful mess."

This little episode took place in the Chatham club early today.

Rice was sitting with several friends when suddenly he jumped up and went to the telephone.

"Is that you, Ray?" he inquired, when the ring was answered, and then after he had the reply, said:

"I'm going to do it?"

With that he pulled a revolver out of his pocket and placing the muzzle at his right ear, fired. Rice dropped to the floor and resumed his telephone conversation. It was said at the hospital that he has an even chance for his life.

RAPS AMERICAN REPORTER

Frank Gould Says They Are Not Gentlemen—O. K.'s Europeans.

New York, Dec. 24.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Gould and Miss Kelly, sister to Mrs. Gould, came over from Paris on the Lusitania, which arrived yesterday. Gould said that he would pass two or three weeks in this country, after which he would return to France.

Then he talked of American reporters, upon which subject he had rather definite ideas.

"Reporters in America," he said, "are not, as a rule, gentlemen. They pry into the private affairs of others. It is different in Europe. There the reporters are gentlemen."

He declined to enlighten the press further.

Travers Humphrey, a London lawyer, who assisted in the prosecution of Dr. Crippen, was a passenger. He is here for one day of business, after which he returns to London.

Fox Steals Fowl From Hunt Kennels

London Standard.

Foxes seem to be unusually plentiful in the Blackmore Vale this year and several instances of their remarkable boldness have occurred of late. A few days ago Reynard had the hardihood actually to pay a visit to the hunt kennels at Charlton Horethorne, a village in a sheltered valley, in broad daylight, between the Sherborne and Wincanton, and carry off a much prized cock belonging to the huntsman.

Apparently the marauder had been lying up in a hedgerow close to the poultry yard, and his tracks were easily traced in the muddy lane by which he safely beat his retreat with his capture.

THE WAY OUT

From Weakness to Power by Food Route.

Getting the right start for the day's work often means the difference between doing things in wholesome comfort, or dragging along half dead all day.

There's more in the use of proper food than many people ever dream of—more's the pity.

"Three years ago I began working in a general store," writes a man, "and between frequent deliveries and more frequent customers, I was kept on my feet from morning till night.

"Indigestion had troubled me for some time, and in fact my slight breakfast was taken more from habit than appetite. At first this insufficient diet was not noticed much, but at work it made me weak and hungry long before noon.

"Yet a breakfast of rolls, fried foods and coffee meant headaches, nausea and kindred discomforts. Either way I was losing weight and strength, when one day a friend suggested that I try a 'Grape-Nuts breakfast.'

"So I began with some stewed fruit, Grape-Nuts and cream, a soft boiled egg, toast and a cup of Postum. By noon I was hungry but with a healthy, normal appetite. The weak languid feeling was not there.

"My head was clearer, nerves steadier than for months. Today my stomach is strong, my appetite normal, my bodily power splendid and head always clear."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

"I had been given up to die by three of our best doctors,

I could not stand it to be on my feet and I was so swelled in the abdomen I could hardly breathe.

But thanks to Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy and Nervine I am able to be about the streets, a walking advertisement of the curative qualities of your remedies, although I am 70 years old."

JOHN R. COCHRAN,
Lewistown, Ill.

Better than any statement we could make regarding the value of

Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy

are these words of Mr. Cochran. He speaks from experience, the highest possible source of knowledge. If you have any of the signs of a weak heart, such as pain in the left shoulder or arm, fainting and hungry spells, shortness of breath, smothering spells, fluttering or palpitation of the heart, you need

Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy

which for over twenty years has been recognized as the best preparation of its kind to be had.

Sold under a guarantee assuring the return of the price of the first bottle if it fails to benefit. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

GIVES HUSBAND TO LAW

Wife Surrenders Alleged Murderer in Hiding.

Chicago, Dec. 24.—Wounded, half starved, and exhausted from exposure, William H. Morris, the alleged slayer of Estelle Dumas at the village of Montgomery, near Aurora, last Saturday night, was surrendered yesterday to the police by his own wife.

Shortly after his arrest Morris in the presence of three officers made a desperate effort to end his life by swallowing a large quantity of bichloride of mercury. Medical assistance arrived in time, and the man will recover. Morris is lying in the St. Charles hospital at Aurora, where he was rushed after his attempt at suicide. He is under heavy guard and as soon as he recovers he will be taken to the jail at Geneva, Ill.

Morris was arrested by the Plano police in his old home. He was taken to Aurora and lodged in jail after he had been interrogated by the police of that town. It is believed by the police authorities of Aurora and Montgomery that Mrs. Morris for a time had known the hiding place of her husband. She had told friends that her first duty when she discovered his whereabouts would be to inform the police in order that he might be taken into custody.

SEARCH SEA FOR GRACE

Torpedo Boats Hunt Aviator Lost in Fog.

London, Dec. 24.—The search for Cecil S. Grace, the amateur aviator who lost his way in a fog while attempting to return over the English channel to Dover, Thursday, was continued today without success.

The only development this afternoon was an unconfirmed rumor current at Amsterdam that an aeroplane had been picked up in the North sea. It was said to be without a pilot.

A fleet of torpedo boats sent out from Sheerness to scour the waters of the vicinity had not returned up to 2:30 o'clock this afternoon.

Grace had flown from Dover to Calais and was heading back for the English shore when, apparently, he lost his bearings and instead of continuing toward Dover, steered his aeroplane to the northeast and over the North sea. Efforts to find him on land or water have continued ceaselessly since Thursday evening.

INDICT 269 MORE VOTERS

Seventy-five Others Disfranchised for Selling Votes.

West Union, Dec. 24.—The high water mark was reached yesterday when the grand jury investigating the election bribery cases in Adams county returned 269 true bills. Most of them are from Peebles and Manchester.

Seventy-five were arranged and drew the usual sentences, $25 fine, six months in the work house and five years' disfranchisement. The jail sentences were suspended and the fines reduced to $5, however, pending good behavior. The total indictments to date are 630.

Every precinct in the county will be rigidly investigated, said Judge Blair. It is said that nearly 100 well known citizens intend to spend the holidays away from home, through fear of being implicated in the frauds. Court adjourned until Monday morning, when Green township will be taken up for investigation.

HELPS THE POOR OF HUNGARY

Vienna, Dec. 25.—The Countess Szuchenyi, formerly Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, continues to win golden opinions both as society leader and as "Lady Bountiful." She intends to entertain without due ostentation, but with enough style to uphold the dignity of her position among the Hungarian nobility at her new mansion in the Andrissy boulevard, the finest thoroughfare in Budapest.

Meanwhile the countess is working quietly but effectively to ameliorate the conditions of the poor of her adopted country, both in the city and rural districts. She believes it the duty of wealthy people to alleviate the suffering and destitution of children and for this reason she has become vice president of the National Society for the Protection of Children.

The general public knows little about the countess' benevolent activities, only knowing her as a fashionable woman at the opera, bedecked with diamonds.

WOULD NOT RIDE IN HEARSE

Man, When Dead, Is Carried to Grave as He Asked.

Morrisville, Pa., Dec. 24.—George W. Wharton always had a horror of hearses and at his death asked that his body be borne to the grave by friends.

When he was buried yesterday, 18 friends carried the body to the grave on their shoulders, acting in three relays. The mourners followed in carriages.

COLLEGE GIRL COOK? YES

And She Can Sew and Darn Stockings, Too.

Wellesley, Mass., Dec. 25.—The fair maids at Wellesley are indignant because of a statement in one of the current magazines that the college girl can't cook, makes an impractical and discontented wife and is in class B with the brought-up-at-home uncollegiate girl.

Miss Katherine Parsons, Wellesleys' leading athlete and scholar, speaking for the Wellesley students, said:

"The impression seems to be that the college girl is destined, ultimately and by her own volition, to become an old maid. It is laughable. A fact that may help correct that impression may be gleaned from college statistics, which prove that seven-eighths of all college girls marry.

They Can Even Darn Stockings.

"Perhaps that has little to do with the assertion that the college girl makes a poor and inadequate wife. Here at Wellesley the great majority of girls can cook, sew, darn stockings and perfom—if called on to do so—all the little domestic services which mean so much to happiness. Indeed from the very nature of higher training, the development of the analytical powers, tact and character it is reasonable to infer that the college girl is the best fitted of any class of women to make an ideal housewife.

"College life and college training tend to make the girl well balanced, controlled and patient. In college the girl learns the lesson of respect for the rights of others.

"College teaches the relative value of clothes; that is, it displaces fine clothes in the feminine mind as the most important asset in life.

"Money also gets a setback. Happiness, true happiness, is given its high place and the college girl is its highest exponent.

"The wife who has received a college education can do her work with greater skill and in less time, for she has learned the value of system.

"Regardless of the career and regradless of social standing, the girl possessing a college degree is twice as able and twice as beneficial to herself and those around her."

NOT IN A RACE WITH ANDREW

Rockefeller, It's Explained, Is Switching Gifts Around.

New York, Dec. 22.—Frederick T. Gates, personal advisor of John D. Rockefeller, in his benefactions, pointed out today that the transfer of $10,000,000 from the funds of the general education board to Chicago University could in on way cripple the activities of the general board.

Mr. Gates also made it plain that several of Mr. Rocefeller's recent gifts to Chicago University, the Rockefeller institute and to other purposes, were not in fact new gifts, but designations by him of the use to which a part of of the funds in the hands of the general board should be put.

Mr. Gates made it plain that Mr. Rockefeller is not running any race with Mr. Carnegie in making great benefactions. The effect of Mr. Gates' explanation, in fact, will be to reduce the aggregate of Mr. Rockefeller's known benefactions from $134,000,000 to about $114,000,000, as against Mr. Carnegie's $187,000,000, leaving Mr. Carnegie $73,000,000 in the lead of his nearest competitors.

FINANCIAL OUTLOOK IS GOOD

Betterment Already Here, Says H. Clews, Due to Lower Prices.

New York, Dec. 24.—A somewhat better tone has been maintained in the security markets during the last week, and this in spite of the inactivity which usually develops during the holiday season, says Henry Clews in his weekly letter. The main cause for betterment has been the investment situation. This is probably more satisfactory than at any time for several months.

The decline in prices has brought many securities to a level that now offers more reasonable returns. Money is easy, and the low rates obtained for loanable funds naturally divert attention to interest bearing securities. For this reason the bond outlook is much brighter and there is already a larger inquiry for desirable issues.

The January disbursements will be larger than usual, being estimated as high as $226,000,000; and a fair proportion of this sum always seeks reinvestment in Wall street. Another encouraging feature is the better demand for American investments by European buyers. There have been fairly liberal sales of bonds to Europe during the last few days, and international banking houses report conditions as favorable to the further placing of good issues.

CONGRESS BREAKS A RECORD

35,000 Bills Will Be Total Introduced in Present One.

Washington, Dec. 24.—All records will be broken when the present house of representatives scores a total of approximately 35,000 public and private bills, introduced up to its close on March 4 next.

This is a leap of more than 7,500 over the record established by the last congress. These figures are exclusive of resolutions, which so far in the three sessions of the present congress have numbered 682 simple resolutions, 258 joint resolutions and 56 concurrent.

Rupture Cured Without Operation

No Charge If You Don't Get Relief

No longer any need for any one to drag through life in the clutches of rupture. For now anyone—man, woman or child—can easily and quickly be freed from this affliction.

In times past, a surgical operation was the only known cure—and that has always been dangerous—results in permanent weakness or in death about as often as recovery.

But now no one need remain ruptured because of dread of an operation. For an operation is no longer necessary. Science has at last come to your rescue with a safe, simple, inexpensive home cure.

This, reader, is the wonder-working Cluthe Truss—a truss so remarkably beneficial that relief is immediate and cure begins at once.

You see this truss does something which no other truss or appliance in the world does—

It automatically gives a soothing, strengthening, healing massage treatment—a stimulating, life-restoring massage which cures by strengthening the weakened abdominal muscles or ruptured parts—(thus overcoming the weakness which is the real cause of rupture)—just as exercise restores strength to a weak arm.

The Cluthe Truss has cured thousands—among them people over 50, 60 and 70 years old—who have been ruptured from 20 to 50 years—cured them even after everything else, including operation, had done no good whatever.

The Cluthe Truss is the only self-adjusting truss in existence.

The support it gives is automatically regulated. This is how your rupture is held constantly in place until the cure is complete.

We guarantee that this truss will prevent all danger of protrusion—no matter how bad your condition. Wear the truss at our risk—if it fails to hold your rupture the truss won't cost you a cent.

This truss can't shift or slip—it is held in position by suction. It is as comfortable as your clothing—and the only truss without a belt, leg straps or springs.

Send for This Free Book.

We have published a free cloth-bound book of advice—the most helpful book ever written on rupture.

It sums up all we have learned about rupture in 40 years of experience.

It shows (in pictures) rupture in all its stages—shows how rupture gradually grows worse if not held constantly in place.

It shows why belt-and-leg-strap and spring trusses usually fail to hold—and how even if they do hold, it is folly to expect them to cure.

It explains how, unless the ruptured parts are strengthened (which can be done only by massage) real relief or cure is impossible.

It explains the dangers of operations.

It puts you on guard against worthless trusses and treatments—against endangering your health—against throwing money away.

And it tells all about the Cluthe Truss—how little it costs—how we send it on guaranteed trial—how it won't cost you a single cent if it disn't do you a world of good.

Write for the book today—don't put it off. When you read this book you will know how you can get immediate relief and quick cure without risking any more money.

Please use the coupon, or simply say in a letter or postal, "Send me the book," and address us giving our box number as below.

RELIEF COUPON

Box 14 Cluthe Institute

125 East 23d St., New York City.

Send me your Free Book on The Cure of Rupture.

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....

LAST WORK ON CANAL

Ready for Material for the Emergency Dams.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 25.—As indicating the progress which is being made in the construction of the Panama canal commission's office has just received from the isthmus requisitions for material to be used in the building of the emergency dam. The installation of these will constitute the final large work to be performed in connection with the canal locks.

The eremgency dam will be erected at the head of each of the sets of locks of the canal, and will be used in case of an accident which would permit the water of Gatun lake to flow into the canal. Even in the event of accident they will be utilized only after two other precautions which have been taken in the plans have failed.

Heavy Chain Is Guard.

The first protective measure lies in th efact that there will be two sets of gates to the locks, and these would have to be injured before any danger would be imminent. Secondly, there will be a heavy chain stretched across the locks at the gates which would stop any vessel in an emergency before it could injure the gates. If, by some unforseen possibility, these two protective measures fail, the emergency dam will prevent the emptying of Gatun lake through the locks.

The canal commission will shortly advertise for bids for the structural steel of which the emergency dams will be built. It is believed that the first of these dams will be installed June 1, 1911, and the last January 1, 1912.

HALF PECK JEWELS ON HIM

Police Scent Big Robbery, but Find Them Worth $1.

Burlington, N. J., Dec. 24.—The local police believed they had a clew to a big jewel robbery last night when Patrolman Hays arrested John Cavenaugh, of Mount Holly, as he was boarding a train for Philadelphia, after selling a kit of mechanic's tools to a Burlington man for little more than the price of a drink. When searched at the city hall the prisoner's pockets were found to be filled with more than a half-peck of jewelry—diamonds, amethysts, pearls, rubies, watch chains and other trinkets.

But the police lost their enthusiasm when a jewelry said the lot was worth about $1.

BARS HUSBAND FROM HER BIER

Woman in Will Denies Him Look at Her Body After Death.

New York, Dec. 22.—Mrs. Emily Gatzen, of Ridgefield Park, N. J., made plain her feelings toward her husband, Henry Gatzen, an upholsterer, when, during her last illness, she drew the will which has been probated by Surrogate E. L. D. Hester at Hackensack. The most important clause in the instrument says:

"I give and bequeath to my husband, Henry Gatzen, the total sum of $1 and no more. My reason for disposing of my property as I have done by this will is that all my property has been given to me by my father and mother, and not by my husband, and that during my present sickness my husband has not contributed to my support or cared for me, and I have been supported and cared for entirely by my parents. It is my desire that after my death my body should be cremated and that my husband should not see my body after my death."

RAILROADS KILL MORE

1,024 Deaths During Year Is Big Increase.

Washington, Dec. 23.—Fatalities on railroads of the United States for the year ending June 30, 1910, show a marked increase over the previous year, according to the twenty-fourth annual report of the interstate commerce commission.

The total number of passengers killed in train accidents was 227 as compared with 131 for the previous year. The number of employes killed in coupling accidents increased from 161 to 1909 to 208 in 1910, an increase of 29 per cent. It is pointed out, notwithstanding this, a marked improvement is noted in the practice of railroads in guarding against violations of the safety appliance laws. An alarming number of accidents occurred to employes who fell from cars. From this cause there were 589 deaths and 13,244 injuries.

The report further says that since December 1, 1909, 44 indictments for criminal violations of the act to regulate commerce have been returned. Forty-three prosecutions have been concluded since that date and 31 pleas of guilty were received. The fines killed in train accidents were 227 of acquittal were rendered.

PAINTING SEIZED AS STOLEN

Government Holds $40 Picture as a $75,000 Van Dyke.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 22.—A painting now being held in store by the customs authorities to await further instructions and which was bought in Europe by a Boston man for $40 may prove to be a Van Dyke, worth between $50,000 and $75,000.

The painting was included in a large consignment to Koopman & Co., art dealers, and was purchased abroad by a member of the firm. Before its arrival a few days ago the treasury department was notified by the German government to be on the lookout for a famous Van Dyke painting which had been stolen from a Berlin art gallery.

The Koopman company has been informed that the painting bought for it corresponds in every detail to the description of the missing Van Dyke.

INDIANA CITIES SHOW GROWTH

Census Results in Smaller Cities of State Announced.

Washington, Dec. 22.—Population statistics of the thirteenth census issued today by the census bureau included the following Indiana cities:

	1910.	1900.
Anderson	22,476	20,178
Brazil	9,340	7,786
Crawfordsville	9,371	6,449
Elkhart	19,282	15,184
Elwood	11,028	12,950
Hammond	20,925	12,376
Huntington	10,273	9,491
Jeffersonville	10,412	10,874
Kokomo	17,010	10,609
Lafayette	20,081	18,116
Laporte	10,525	7,113
Logansport	19,050	16,204
Marion	19,359	17,337
Michigan City	19,027	14,850
Muncie	24,005	20,942
New Albany	20,629	20,628
New Castle	9,446	3,406
Peru	10,910	8,463
Richmond	22,324	18,226
Shelbyville	9,500	7,169
Vincennes	14,895	10,249

AGED 107, WILL START ANEW

Losing Home, Old Man Says He Wants Only Job.

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 21.—James Forbes Foster, 107 years old, is going to lose his home this week. He is at present living in a condemned building, and has been given notice to leave. Foster doesn't ask for charity, but wants a job. He says he is down and out temporarily. Foster was born in Buffalo, N. Y., and has wandered all over the world. He made and lost several fortunes in zinc and lead mining.

Free Treatment for Asthma and Hay Fever

Happy New Year! The Household Happy New Year!

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

BY ELIZABETH.

THE first one who spoke to me the other morning, said: "HAPPY NEW YEAR." The one who spoke was one of my lady friends, and she was ten days ahead of the date when her greeting would have been timely, but it sounded good to me. It is all right to hurry up with pleasant sayings.

It was a few days before Christmas, when I had this happy New Year salutation. Most of the greetings I was meeting with were these: "Are you ready for Santa Claus? Have you finished your Christmas shopping? Are you going home for Christmas?"

To all of these questions I could smile and look pleasant, and answer "yes." Being unusually forehanded with Christmas preparations; having done the best I could, and having nothing left with which to do any more, I was of placid mind and ready to hear and see all things that might come my way.

City shops during the holiday season have a greater fascination than at any other time of year. There are so many pretty things to see, and there are so many who go to see and buy them. Watching the crowd is an entertaining part of the Christmas business, for those who may look on in calmness of spirit. Quite likely, it is not so entertaining for those who must minister to the crowd's whims and fancies. Theoretically, everyone is good-natured when engaged in Christmas buying, though it is whispered about by those who are in a position to know, that in practice, it occasionally happens differently.

It is always quite likely that in the crowd, you will meet with some friend or acquaintance you have not seen for a long time. Christmas brings even the recluses out of hiding. If you so chance to meet, you stop to exchange the latest news concerning yourselves, and to tell how life is progressing with you.

"Well, where have you been for so long? I haven't seen you in ages!" you exclaim to each other, before you settle down to the business of telling the latest, concerning yourself and family, if you happen to have one.

Edging my way through a crowded shop, one day whose date is not necessary to mention, I met one I had not seen to speak with for months.

"How are you?" we said simultaneously and together.

We drew up in as small a space possible, so that we might not impede progress, and began to do some talking. Naturally, she told me of her Christmas plans. They included a family party. Her's being a family which is a small crowd in itself, there are going to be jolly "doings," with twenty-eight assorted sizes and ages, and enough children to bring the joy of childhood to the assembly around the festal board when the Christmas dinner is ready. That will be a Christmas dinner "as is" a Christmas dinner, for this family is one which stands united, and rejoices and is glad when it gets itself together.

She told me of other pleasant things that were on their way to her and her's. There is soon to be a marrying, and a trip to California, and so, for her life has a rosy hue, because she does her part to help make the rose color for others.

See the point?

One cannot go about very much without coming upon the ubiquitous post card; the sign of memory which is infinite in its variety, and apparently inexhaustible in quantity. At this time of year, with the post cards, and the cards of Christmas and New Year's import, there is no lack of sentiment to pass on, as evidence of affection, good will and good cheer. The cards are an interesting study; whether you have, or have not, the postcard habit, and, aside from the pictures one finds much wit and wisdom, and sentimental fancy.

"You pays your money and you takes your choice."

I was engaged in taking my choice when I found, inconspicuously displayed, a postcard, graved with lines which come under the head: "Good Cheer Philosophy," the philosophy in this case, being of the homespun variety, so called, because of misspelled words of vernacular coinage. The decorative effect of the card was a picture of an aged negro, named Uncle Ruff. This is his advice as it appeared on the card:

"Now, doan fret, brudder an' doan yo' cuss,
An' doan yo' be trouble's nusser.
Dey's nothin' so bad it cain't be wuss
Nor so wuss it cain't be wusser."

It made me laugh, which is the reason I am passing it on, in hopes it may make some one laugh with me.

The day I had my first good wish for the new year that is coming, another lady friend of mine asked me the conundrum which is running with the season.

"Who is Santa Claus' wife?" she questioned.

I could not guess the answer, so gave her the pleasure of making it.

"Why," she said, with a large and generous smile, "it's Merry Christmas, of course!"

Equally "of course," after she told me, it immediately became clear to my mind there could be no other, which is always the case with conundrums when we have to be told the answer. It is perfectly clear when we know. Then we say, "why, of course! How stupid of me not to have known it."

The last week but one of the old year, is always a week of rushing activity. In the final week of the year, we sort of settle down and take breath before we tear off the last leaf of the calendar.

One may grow pensive and lachrymose over "the last leaf of the calendar" if one chooses. In the present instance, one does not choose. There is always a new calendar to replace the old one, and there are many attrctive ones for 1911.

The old year goes out sighing, so they say, but the new one jumps smilingly into the ring, all fresh and rosy and wtih jingling bells.

Let not the "green and yellow melancholy" prey upon your damask cheek.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR," is the message and the meaning of the season.

Well, once again, here's hoping.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

When the old year passes, throw after it the shackles of your worries, if you would enjoy freedom and happiness.

There is such a thing as taking life too seriously. You cannot be of much use in the world if you are always wearing the cloak of gloom.

You know you like to be with pleasant people; then why not be one of this company?

If you will not take offense, you will seldom find cause for being offended.

The most difficult one we have to control is ourself. The first one to bring under control is ourself.

So far as it lies in your power, do away with the things which made you unhappy in the past year. Much of our unhappiness we cause ourselves.

If you never do anything kind for others, you never have anything to be glad of.

There is nothing to hinder you from trying to be in the present year, what you meant to be in the past.

If you are thinking thoughts that make you unhappy, change your mind. The chances are you are thinking wrong.

You can always refuse to listen to malicious gossip. You can always avoid the malicious gossiper. They are poison.

A secret is not a secret when once it is told. The one you tell it to, in confidence, is more than likely to have some one to whom he will tell it —in confidence.

It is up to you to make the New Year the best one ever.

A CENTURY OLD.

Designer for January.

Of all the holiday cakes none is usually more pleasing to the children than the old-fashioned gingerbread horses made just as our grandmothers made them years ago. All sorts of animals, the "birds and beasts that went to the animal fair," may be evolved in the same way if one has a little ingenuity. If you can not get the tin cutters, cut the desired shapes out of pasteboard, lay on the dough after it is rolled to the proper thickness and then cut out by running a pastry wheel or sharp knife through the dough. Here is the recipe for the dough that has stood the test of a century: Put two cupfuls of molasses and a cupful of softened butter into a bowl and beat until well blended. Add a cupful of sour milk, stir it in well, then dissolve a level tablespoonful of baking soda in a quarter of a cupful of hot water, and stir it through the mixture. Add a tablespoonful of cloves, ginger to taste and the grated rind of a lemon, and stir in enough flour to make a stiff dough. Roll out on the molding board very thin, cut out the shapes, put in a well-floured dripping-pan and bake in a moderate oven. When done and still a little warm, frost lightly, having some of the frosting white and some pink.

THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT

A MOVEMENT which is planned to bring back come of the old-time manner of living that made life interesting for a boy is being developed by an organization called the Boy Scouts. Years ago, some wise men tried to put back into boy life some of the romance of the fields and forests which the growth of cities has destroyed. Dan Beard tried to put it back by creating his Boy Pioneers and the Sons of Daniel Boone, and Ernest Thompson-Seton by creating his Woodcraft Indians. A couple of years ago in England, General Sir R. S. Baden-Powell, taking these models, started a somewhat more developed movement in that country, which he called the Boy Scouts. The idea caught on famously in England, until today there must be over 200,000 boy scouts in that country, and 100,000 in its colonies.

In the December number of The Outing Magazine, Frank B. Arthurs tells the story of the boy scout movement in America, and describes its purposes and possibilities. A part of his account follows. Official information may be obtained at the Boy Scouts' headquarters, 124 East 28th street, New York city.

Last spring Mr. Seton and a number of other men interested in boys and outdoor life decided that it would be an excellent thing to bring the transplanted movement back to America, where it really started. So the Boy Scouts of America was formed and already it has upwards of 145,000 boys enrolled. It is one of the latest and promises to become one of the greatest of the many modern out-of-doors movements that have sprung up in the present generation—greatest because it is body-building and character-forming for a coming generation.

Any oy between the ages of 12 and 18 can become a scout. He first becomes a "tenderfoot" by learning and taking the scout's oath as well as mastering a few simple tests. "On my honor," says the oath, "I promise that I will do my best: 1, to do my duty to God and my country; 2, to help other people at all times; 3, to obey the scout law."

After a month's service the tenderfoot may become a second-class scout by learning some things which are more difficult than the first tests, and later he may become a first-class scout by passing another set of tests. These things are all set down in the rules—they are not book tests, but things like laying and lighting a camp fire and cooking a pound of meat, such as would appeal to red-blooded boys the world over, things, by the way, that will puzzle (perhaps shame) many an elder. After that there are all kinds of special honors the boy can achieve in various classes of work, like first aid, life-saving, tracking, signaling, cycling, nature study seamanship and many others. All the time the boy is learning something in the guise of playing at scoutcraft.

MR. ERNEST THOMPSON SETON DIRECTING THE WORK OF THE COMMISSARY.

Outing Magazine—

The scout movement is meant for all kinds of boys. There is nothing sectarian or religious about it, though it is at heart very much religious and moral. It works, too. For the very word "scout" fascinates all sorts and conditions of boys from the start. It brings together the romance of the frontier, the great northwest, our own west as it is handed down in history, Uganda, South Africa, Australia, anything the boys would otherwise devour out of the dime dreadfuls.

Organizations already existing can take up scouting in connection with their regular work, and thus boys' clubs, settlements, preparatory schools, military academies, Y. M. C. A.'s, and even the denominational and religious organizations like the boys' brigades have already done so. There is plenty of room for all in this wholesome scheme.

One very important element in the boy scout movement and one that cannot be too strongly emphasized is that it is self-supporting. "A scout is thrifty," says the scout law. "He saves every penny he can." One condition of promotion is having a small sum of money in the bank, a sum such as practically every boy, no matter how poor, could have.

Following out this idea of thrift each troop is responsible for its own finances. As everyone knows who has worked among boys, nothing can be worse than efforts to pauperize them.

The scout movement also teaches a boy chivalry, for he pledges himself to do a good turn to someone every day and not to take any pay for it.

The Boy Scouts of America have among their officers and supporters Ernest Thompson Seton, Lee F. Hanmer, of the Playground Association of America, George D. Pratt, of Pratt Institute; Jacob Riis; W. D. Boyce, publisher; Dr. Luther Halsey Gulick, of the Sage Foundation; Dan Beard; Edgar M. Robinson, of the Y. M. C. A., and Colin H. Livingstone. The latest announcement is that Colonel Roosevelt has become one of the vice presidents of the Boy Scouts and is giving it hearty support. These men believe that the boy scout movement will have a wholesome effect on drinking, gambling, hooliganism and gangs. For it will take the gang idea, which is after all a good idea, and will bend it in the right direction for whatever the future has in store for our nation. The scout watchword on all the badges is: "Be Prepared."

The Boy Scouts of America are in no way connected with militarism. Their business is—peace scouting.

POETS' CORNER

THE LONE PRAIRIE

(Sometimes called "The Cowboy's Lament.")

The most popular song in the cattle country is The Cowboy's Lament. B. M. Bower, author of many western novels, contributes to the Popular Magazine what purports to be the real, original "Lament," and adds: "In behalf of the cowboy let me hasten to assure you that I never knew one who took it seriously; they always sing it with a twinkle in the eyes and a quirk of the lips to prove that the humor is not lost upon them."

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie—"
These words came low and mournfully
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay

On his dying bed at the close of day.

He had wasted and pined, till o'er his brow
Death's shadows were gathering quickly now.
And he thought of his home as the end drew nigh,
As the cowboys gathered to see him die.

"It matters not, so I've been told,
Where the body lies when the heart grows cold.
Yet grant, oh, grant, this boon to me
And bury me not on the lone prairie.

"I had always hoped to be laid when I died
In the old churchyard on the green hillside;
By my father's grave, oh, bury me,
And bury me not on the lone prairie!

"Oh, bury me where a mother's prayer
And a sister's tears may mingle there;
Where my friends may come and weep o'er me—
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie!

"Oh, bury me not—" but his voice failed there,
And they gave no heed to his dying prayer.
In a narrow grave, just six by three—
And they buried him there on the lone prairie.

CHORUS.

Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie
Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me,
Where the rattlesnakes hiss and the wind goes free,
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie!

IN THE VALLEY OF KENTUCKY

By Tony Stanford.

In the valley of Kentucky, where the grass is always blue,
And the birds are singing sweetly all the day,
There I had a sweetheart, Nellie, the sweetest girl I knew,
One day she died and then I went away.
My heart is daily yearning for that dear old southern home,
For in my dreams I often think I see;
Just a picture of the meadow and the cornfields green,
Which brings back tender memories to me.

CHORUS.

Take me back to old Kentucky, to the home I love so well,
The scenes of my dear childhood, and the resting place of Nell;
For my heart is ever pining for the sun that's ever shining,
In the valley of Kentucky, my home, sweet home.

Then at times my thoughts would wander to that cozy little nook,
Where Nell and I as sweethearts used to meet;
There I told her how I loved her, beside the bab'ling brook,
Ah, life was then to us a joy complete.
In memory I can see again the bridge that spanned the stream
O'er which we often wandered side by side;
And I hear the rippling waters as I fondly dream,
Of one who promised that she'd be my bride.

THE OLD MUSICIAN AND HIS HARP

Author Unknown.

Years have come and passed away,
Golden locks have turned to gray,
Golden ringlets, once so fair,
Time has changed to silvery hair;
Yes, I've neared the riverside,
Soon, I'll launch upon its tide,
Soon my boat, with noiseless oar,
Safe will pass to yonder shore.

CHORUS.

Bring my harp to me again,
Let me sing a gentle strain,
Let me hear its chords once more
Ere I pass to yonder shore.

Oh, those chords with magic power,
Take me back to childhood's hour,
To that cot beside the sea,
Where I knelt at mother's knee;
But that mother—she has gone;
Calm she sleeps beneath the stone,
While I wander here alone,
Singing for a brighter home.

Soon I'll be among the blest,
Where the weary are at rest—
Soon I'll tread the golden shore,
Singing praises evermore.
Now my boat is on the stream,
I can see its waters gleam,
Soon I'll be where angels roam—
Dear old harp, I'm going home.

Now the storms of life are past,
I am safe at home at last,
Now my journey is complete,
I am singing music sweet—
O those angels how they sing,
Glory to the Heavenly King—
And I catch their sweetest song,
Dear old harp, I'm almost home.

CHORUS.

My dear old harp I need no more,
I am safe on the golden shore,
I am singing music sweet—
As I walk the golden streets.

GOSSIP TOWN

Author Unknown.

Have you ever heard of Gossip Town,
On the shore of Falsehood bay,
Where old Dame Rumor with rustling gown,
Is going the livelong day?
It isn't far to Gossip Town
For people who want to go;
The idleness train will take you down,
In just an hour or so.

The Thoughtless road is a popular route,
And most folks start that way;
But it's steep down grade, if you don't look out,
You'll land in Falsehood bay.
You glide through the valley of Vicious Talk,
And into the tunnel of Hate,
Then crossing the add-to bridge you walk,
Right into the city gate.

The principal street is called They-Say,
And I've heard is the public well,
And the breezes that blow from Falsehood bay,
Are laden with don't-you-tell.
In the midst of the town is Telltale Park;
You're never quite safe while there,
For its owner is Madam Suspicious Remark,
Who lives on the street Don't Care.

Just back of the park is Slander's Row,
'Twas there that Good Name died,
Pierced by a shaft from jealousy's bow,
In the hands of envious pride.
From Gossip Town, peace long since fled,
But trouble, grief and woe,
And sorrow and care you'll meet instead,
If ever you chance to go.

THE CABIN WITH THE ROSES AT THE DOOR

By Charles Henlein.

The lights are fading fast,
And I'm thinking of the past,
As I'm sitting with my darling at my side,
She's an old and wrinkled dame,
But I love her just the same,
As the sunny day she came to be my bride;
I think I see her now,
With a smile upon her brow,
As she vowed to be mine forever more,
I'd no land or pastures wide,
But I took her home with pride,
To the cabin with the roses at the door.

CHORUS.

My dear old cabin,
'Tis the home and my native shore,
It was there that I was born,
It is there that I would die,
In the cabin with the roses at the door.

Light-hearted did I toil,
And I found a fruitful soil,
Bring me back for my work an hundred fold,
I'd enough and I could spare,
For the poor a tiny share,
So I envied not the rich man and his gold;
Yet we had to bear a grief,
Resignation brings relief,
But 'tis hard till the bitterness is o'er;
We both were sorely tried,
When our little darling died,
In the cabin with the roses at the door.

NANCY TILL

Author Unknown.

Down in de canebrake, close by the mill,
Dar lives a yaller gal, her name is Nancy Till;
She knows dat I love her, she's knowed it so long
I's going to serenade her and sing dis song:

CHORUS.

Come, love, come, de boat lies low,
She lies high and dry on de Ohio,
Come, love, come, go along wid me,
And I'll take you down to Tennessee.

Open the window, oh, dove, do,
Listen to de music I'se playing for you;
Whisperings of love, so soft and so low,
Harmonize my voice to de old banjo.

Softly de casement begin for to rise,
De stars am a-shinin' above in de skies;
De moon am declining o'er yonder hill,
Reflecting its rays on you, Nancy Till.

Farewell, love, I must now far away,
I've a long way to trabble before de break of day;
Next time I come be ready for to go
Floating down de banks of de Ohio.

POEMS REQUESTED

Please do not send any poetry for publication except in response to the requests. We canrot give space to other than the asked-for verses.

All letters for this page should have Household Editor written on the envelope.

A poem asked for begins: Love is sadness, love is gladness.

A poem wanted is entitled God Give Us Men. It is not the one of this title written by J. G. Holland.

The poem of which the following is a clue, is wanted: When the outlook is dark, try the uplook.

The song is wanted of which this is a line: Hush my dear, lie still and slumber.

These lines belong to some requested verses entitled, Wreck on the C. and O. It commences: Along came the F. F. V.

All letters for this page should have Household Editor written on the envelope.

Children's Letters.

Dear Boys and Girls—I will write a few lines to The Blade, as I never saw any letters from Oregon. My father is an old reader of The Blade for a good many years. I am a girl 13 years old. I live in the beautiful western part of Oregon, near the Pacific ocean. I go to school, but I have two miles to walk to get there. I have four brothers and no sisters. My father owns 160 acres of land. It is a pretty place.

The people of Oregon are called Oregonians. The nearest town we live to is Summit. It is located on a level between two small hills. There is a postoffice, one store and depot there. The end of the railroad is at the Pacific ocean, where there is a boat to take people across the bay. When they get across the bay there is a town called Newport, near the beach where people go and pick up rocks and shells and all kinds of sea weeds.

Well, I guess I have written enough. Maybe I will come again if my letter does not find its way to the waste basket. Good bye, I will listen to your letters now for a while. I will sign my full name,—Winnie Thrasher, Summit, Oregon.

Dear Little Readers of The Blade—I am a little girl nine years old. My birthday was the sixth of December. I had seven postcards for my birthday. I have dark brown eyes and dark brown curly hair. I live on a farm in Pennsylvania. I cannot go to school this winter, as I hurt my ankle so badly in August, the doctor says it will be a year before I can walk on it, but I can walk real good on my crutches. Some friends and neighbors made a little postcard shower to surprise me on Thanksgiving. I had 40 cards. I have four brothers and three sisters living and one sister dead. It is real good sleighing here:. I have had two nice sleighrides this winter. We have had snow on the ground for about six weeks, but we have had good times playing house with our dollies and other toys. If I see this in print I will be glad, as this is my first letter to The Blade. We have taken it a good many years and I like to read the children's letters.—Eugenia McFetridge, Mercer county, Pa.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Dear Friends—For the reason of not having seen a single letter from any of the many Blade readers in this section of the country, I take the liberty of writing a few lines, trusting you will admit me into the M. G. R. band. I love to read this column, and I believe it is good for all of us to, not only read the letters, but to try and obtain some benefit from them as well. One should not cultivate the newspaper habit of reading this column, but concentrate, or focus, the mind on the subject in hand, read it earnestly, think deeply, and try to obtain some new ideas.

I read Uncle Sam's letter with much interest, and can readily see that he is utilizing his spare moments in studying, not as one who knows it all, but as one who wants to learn. He has the right thought and understands that knowledge is useless without the power to use it. He spoke of home study as a method of obtaining an education. Now Uncle Sam, I believe that one can obtain much knowledge during spare moments at home. Knowledge is valuable, not for its quantity, but for its quality, and the facility with which it can be used. The man with a small fund of knowledge, who has the ability to use it properly, has more success—power than the man who has a vast fund of information, unorganized, unsystematized, or arranged in such a haphazard manner, that it is of little value.

Precept is worthless without practice. One should always gladly accept advice from another, turn it over and over in his mind, till it is absorbed. It is a smart fellow who is, at all times, willing to accept good advice which comes from the knowledge, learned and paid for in the rough school of experience. Be not too ready to criticise the other fellow's advice and experience, even when it does not appeal to you. All knowledge is relative in value. What may be of no value to you, might be of the utmost importance to some one else.

One can learn much at home during spare moments, and this method of study should appeal to all persons desirous of bettering their condition through discipline of the mental faculty, so that knowledge thus obtained, may be applied to the daily problems of life. The reading of the M. G. R. column tends to educate us, as it cannot help but set the mental machinery in motion, thus developing in our minds, good thoughts, which will, in most cases, result in good actions, it being plain that thought is the source of all action.

Perhaps you are getting tired of my letter so I will close, with best wishes to The Blade and its many readers. I will sign my name,—Peck's Bad Chum, West Virginia.

Dear M. G. R's.—As the ground is carpeted with snow and the walking is not good, I will take a ride with you on the dear old Merry-go-round. I hope I am welcome. I am from the old state that is round on both ends and high in the middle. If I live until within four days of Christmas I shall be 22 years of age. My father has taken The Blade for two years and has signed for the third. I love it more than any paper we have ever taken. Every Friday night, after my day's work is done, I may be found by the bright fire with The Blade before my face.

Here is my message to you: Do not be afraid to praise people. It is all very well to say that praise is not good for a boy or a man or a woman. There may be those who do their best work without encouragement, but let us remember that all of us are no more than human and human beings work best when encouraged. It is a mistake not to tell people when you are satisfied with them. If the cook sets before you a fine dinner, thank her for it. It is harder for some people to give praise than it is for them to give money. Many a generous man is very niggardly with praise.

Pour the oil of encouragement on the wheels of progress and watch 'em whirl.

I am not advocating soft soap, flattery or gush. No one likes to be gushed over, and anyone can tell the difference between flattery and sincerity, but when anyone has made a hit with you tell him so; it will please him. He may die before you get another chance, or you may die yourself.

Wake up, friends! Watch for a chance to praise someone. Admit to your own self that you are pleased with what he or she has done, then tell them so.

Brown Eyes of Indiana, you wrote a very interesting letter. I wish I knew you personally. My sympathy is with you and with every motherless child. A boy's best friend is his mother, and so is a girl's. We that have mothers should treat them well. When they are gone there is none who can take their place.

Keystone Lad of Pennsylvania, you ask if any of The Blade family love to read. I will answer in the affirmative. You said that among your favorite books was Ishmael, or Self-Raised. I shall add to this St. Elmo. I know not which of these has the greatest lesson to impart. I think anyone's time will be well spent in reading either.

How many of you are reading the continued stories in The Blade? I have read them all and I think they are real good, although I thought The Sky Pirate was one of the most exciting and adventurous stories I have ever read.

This is my first letter to The Blade. I hope I have written something that will interest you. I will close, hoping this will reach you instead of the waste basket. —Shorty, Southern Ohio.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

THE ONLY WAY

So much has been said and written about the marital rights of women, that I feel like penning a few lines on the subject. Women who are always fretting about housekeeping affairs, are usually the ones who found much to trouble about before marriage, and thought to settle things right by getting married and leaving old worries behind. Too many times, girls marry with the idea that married life ends all worry. They find to their surprise, that "husband" is not as affectionate as he was when a lover, but stop a minute and think if you are the same smiling girl you used to be, and are you as neatly dressed?

Perplexities always come with housekeeping. They must be expected; but do not sit down and relate all your worries to your husband the minute he enters the door, especially if he is spending his life in earning a living. The roughest, most uncouth man will finally change for the better, under the influence of an always kind and unselfish wife. My heart aches for the tired, overworked woman, though I still say, keep your house tidy and neat, and it is ever more important to keep yourself so. I once knew a man who said he preferred hiring the washing done, rather than to see the kitchen and his wife in a topsy-turvey condition on Monday. I say, let him hire it done then, and be thankful. You cannot slave, hire, or preach a man into loving you. You only can get and keep love in love's own way.

Often, after marriage, women grow neglectful about showing their affection for their husbands. Don't be shy about it. Men will stand a good deal of petting. Some one is saying, "I don't feel like petting at all times. Sometimes my husband is so much to blame."

Listen, can you find a quicker way to calm your own injured feelings than by being kind?

Of all things, do not get into the rut of grumbling, scolding and perpetual worry. If your duties actually take all of your time, keep sweet, but do not allow your whole time to be taken up, even if some things go undone for a while. Take a walk; go into a neighbor's and have a pleasant chat—not gossip. Give your husband the freedom of the parlor, even if he is a laboring man. His overalls will not disgrace it. When you return to your tasks again they will seem easier.

Now I hear some one say, "Where is the man's part of kindness? When does he do his part along the line of faithfulness?

Does a man go to a necktie party because he likes it? No, it is not in his make-up. He goes because the woman has planned it. You can influence him beyond his understanding, so use your influence for good. It may be that those who read this think my life is smooth-sailing, and the average trouble does not come. Is that so? I have a good husband and a sweet baby. It seems to me we ought to be happy, but my invalid mother-in-law lives with us to care for. The "if" and the "but" are in most lives. We can all find excuses for our personal worries. Now would it be wise to spoil my home by getting down and out by explaining my worry.

People have expressed their sympathy to me because of this great care, but is not "my care" my husband's mother, whom I love dearly? Did I not say in the marriage vow, "for better or for worse?"

This is a pretty long letter, when all I am trying to explain is that patience, combined with love, is the only way out of worry.—Edith Logan, Ohio.

SOME THOUGHTS

Dear Friends—Lately, while busy with other things, I have stopped to write down some thoughts that came into my mind, or, perhaps a thought suggested by what I was reading. It may be you can glean something from them:

Because of darkness, we realize the glory of sunlight.

Do not be a summer friend unless the other party refuses to winter you.

We are interested in the stories that come into other people's lives. Someone might be interested in the stories that come into our lives.

We cannot do good to those about us, without enlarging and beautifying our own characters.

How very frail must be the social and moral standing of those who are afraid to speak to the poor and unfortunate, lest they themselves, topple over.

Do not withhold help from the living and think to make up for it by covering them with flowers when they are dead.

It would be better if we thought more of justice to humanity and less of personal consequences.

The world judges us by what we say and do. God judges us by what we think and feel.

It usually takes longer to get at a thing than it does to do it.

We should sow lavishly, not for ourselves, but for others.

The best breakfast food: GOOD CHEER.—Mary E. Shout, Michigan.

FREAK NAMES

As Elizabeth has invited the men folks to join her circle, I shall do so with pleasure. After reading the interesting article from Aunt Rhoda, of Washington, I was reminded of Waterville, Minnesota, where I visited a number of years ago. It boasted of having more ill-fitting names than any town in the whole country. Mr. Ritch was a day laborer, while Mr. Poor was the president and owner of a bank. Mr. Short was over six feet tall; Mr. Long was only five feet and one inch high. Mr. Black had a very light complexion; Mr. White was a negro. Mr. Large was a very small man, while Mr. Small weighed 250 pounds.

It was said that Mr. Lyon was a very mild-tempered man, but Mr. Lamb was cross and crabbed.

The town had a real nice menagerie and contained the following animals in name: Bears, Lyons, Foxes, Wolves, Beavers, Hoggs, Birds, Deeres and Fish. The various trades were fairly well represented. They had Carpenters, Painters, Barbers, Masons, Bakers and Harness.

The human body had its representatives with these names: Head, Heart, Hand, Hair, Thumb, Legg, Foote, Arms and Nee. Then there were Trees, Crabtrees, Roundtrees and Long trees. There was also the usual number of colors, such as White, Black, Greene, Blue, and so on. Mr. J. T. Duffer was a stock dealer. It was said a good portion of these people came from Wagon Wheel Gap, Colorado, and the rest from Horseheads, New York. For a diversity of names, can any town beat this?

What's in a name, anyhow?—Uncle George, Tennessee.

Try This Home-Made Cough Remedy

Costs Little, But Does the Work Quickly, or Money Refunded.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with ½ pint of warm water, and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle; then add the Sugar Syrup. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

You will find that this simple remedy takes hold of a cough more quickly than anything else you ever used. Usually ends a deep-seated cough inside of 24 hours. Splendid, too, for whooping cough, chest pains, bronchitis and other throat troubles. It stimulates the appetite and is slightly laxative, which helps end a cough.

This recipe makes more and better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for $2.50. It keeps perfectly, and tastes pleasant.

Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in guiacol and all the natural pine elements which are so healing to the membranes. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

This plan of making cough syrup with Pinex and Sugar Syrup (or strained honey) has proven so popular throughout the United States and Canada, that it is often imitated. But the old, successful formula has never been equalled.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., 242 Main st., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

GOOD RECIPES

From out of a package of letters, all bound 'round with a rubber band, I have taken the following recipes for home cooking. They have been sent by some of our friends, and there are still more to come from the same package. I am much obliged to the good housekeepers who always help me out so generously. Happy New Year.—Elizabeth.

Chopped Beef Loaf.

Two pounds of chopped beef, mixed with two or three chopped onions, a little cold, boiled potato, also chopped, and a few bread crumbs. Season to taste with salt and pepper, and mix together with one well-beaten egg. Put this in a greased baking pan and bake in a quick oven. This is good served either hot or cold. It may be reheated as long as any of it is left.

Spare Ribs and Potatoes.

Cut up the spare ribs and put them into a baking pan with peeled and quartered onions and potatoes. Spread the potatoes around the outer edge, placing the onions on top of the meat. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and bits of lard and butter. Pour over this a very little hot water—just enough to keep the meat from getting dry while baking. When done, stir into the pan a little flour and water to make a gravey. This dish is also easily warmed over.

Fruit Salad.

Chop together some apples, celery and pineapple if you have it. Nut meats and sweet pickels may be used also. Pour over them this dressing: Beat four yolks of eggs; add a teaspoon of ground mustard, a little salt and sugar to taste. Beat till very smooth. Stir into this a half cup of vinegar. Cook the mixture till it thickens, stirring all the time. When it is done, add a piece of butter the size of an egg. If the dressing is too thick, thin it with either sweet or sour milk. Toss salad together with two forks.

Brown Tapioca Pudding.

Make cocoa as for drinking by mixing two tablespoonfuls of cocoa, a cupful of sugar and a little heated milk. Pour this into a quart of milk or part milk and water, beat gently, then turn into this a cupful of minute tapioca. Add a pinch of salt. Boil until the tapioca is clear. Turn into a dish and flavor with vanilla. If liked, eggs beaten stiff, sweetened and flavored and dropped on top by spoonfuls, are nice.

Children Like This.

Slices of stale bread, baked brown with three beaten eggs, a quart of milk, a dash of nutmeg, sugar to taste and a few raisins.

These recipes came to us from Mrs. T. F. B., Nebraska.

Rice Pudding.

Stir into one pint of hot, boiled rice, one cup of raisins, so they may swell and begin cooking in the hot rice. When nearly cold, beat together three eggs, one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, vanilla and salt to taste. Add the rice and raisins, and stir till smooth and free from lumps. Bake one hour. This pudding will have a thick, delicious custard on top of the layer of rice, if properly made, and is better than the old style of nearly solid pudding. Serve plain, or with cream and sugar.

Salmon Loaf.

This may be made in the morning and served cold for dinner. One can of salmon, minced, five tablespoonfuls of butter; four eggs, well beaten. Add cracker or bread crumbs so it can be moulded into a loaf. Season with salt and pepper. Steam one hour in a buttered dish, or bake in the oven.—Widow from Michigan.

Bran Bath.

A bran bath is excellent for eczema. Put a cup of bran in a piece of cheese-cloth and rub it between the hands in the water until the bran is well extracted and the water looks milky. A bran bath is healing and can be taken by those suffering with skin eruptions when a cold water bath would be harmful.

MARY CASSIDY'S HOME

ELIZABETH AYRES

SURE, me house was so cold it would frost you, bein' me kitchen stove wouldn't draw, havin' no coal for that same. It was me that was expectin' ivery minute would be the nixt wan, wid the coal waggon backin' up to me door, droppin' a few chunks o' black di'monds offen it, which same is more warmin' to the heart, an' more comfortin' to the soul, than the white sparklers which do be the cause o' much worryin' an' trouble, though it's not me that's likely to see trouble t' rough wearin' di'monds.

Well knowin' Mary Cassidy's house would be warm, havin' saw a fine load o' coal dumped in her back yard wan day recent, 'twas me that was thinkin' she'd be stuffin' her stove to beat the band, an' her not knowin' where the next load was comin' from, She'd go aisier wid it, when she come along near to the end. So over I goes, lavin' me work to do, when 'twas more convanient an' comfort'ble for me doin'.

'Twas just as I t'ought. When Mary Cassidy opened her kitchen door on me the heat flew out an' hit me in the face. Sure, her stove was redhot, and 'twas rockin'.

"You're welcome," says she, givin' me the grip. "Come in an' shut the door behint you."

"I will," says I, doin' that same.

"'Tis home, swate home wid you this mornin', Mary Cassidy," says I.

"It is," says she. "'Tis no slouch of a fire I'm havin'. Get yourself warm offen it, Ann Donovan. You look froze."

Sure, 'twas a scane o' rare comfort, wid Dennis, Mary Cassidy's youngest, settin' in the clothes basket, drawed clost to the stove, wearin not much more than his innocence, an' him takin' pleasure wid a bacon rind, an' that greasy!

"Will you have a sup o' tay to comfort your stomick?" says Mary Cassidy, makin' to lift the taypot from the back o' the stove, where she has it standin' steady

"To oblige you, I will," says I, "but only a wee sup in the bottom o 'the cup."

"Where else would I put it?" says Mary Cassidy.

"I dunno," says I, an that's where she put it, fixin' a sup for herself in the same place, though 'twas drunk from the saucers, the tay bein' that hot, 'twas scaldin'.

Mary Cassidy went into the next room, an' I seen her reach under the bed, an' bring out a parcel, which she come into the kitchen wid, an' t'rowed on the table.

"What have you there, Mary Cassidy?" says I

"'Tis some pieces o' elegant goods, gave me by a lady friend I accommodate washin', occasional," says she, wid proudness.

"Who is she?" says I.

"You wouldn't know should I be tellin' you. You're not in her class. She's a fine woman, she is," says Mary Cassidy.

"Is she?" says I.

"She is, says Mary Cassidy.

Wid that, I shut up, knowin' she was tryin' to put on style, an' me not willin' to give her satisfaction, though 'twas me that had curiosity.

Mary Cassidy set rockin' an' showin' off them rags, like they was silks an' satins, an' me not lettin' out a word, well knowin' she was dyin' to have praise an' envy for them pieces. She drawed out a red one, mebbe the half of a yard long, an' shook it in the air, like she was flag wavin'. Sure 'twas so red 'twas dazzlin'.

"What'll you be doin' wid that, Mary Cassidy?" says I.

"I dunno for sure yet," says she. Mebbe it'll be for a necktie, or mebbe a pair o' suspenders. Whichever wan it may be, 'tis me old man that gets it. Sure, he favors the color. Any color for me, says he, only so it's red."

"He has the elegant taste," says I. "Red is a grand color."

"Did you read in the paper," says she, 'bout the man that wrote trillions o' love t'oughts to his wife in a letter? It come out when she was suin' for a divorce, widout him havin' sent no trillions o' love t'oughts to no other woman."

"I did," says I. "'Twas a shame an' him that lovin' an' true!"

"He was," savs Mary Cassidy. "Be the piece in the paper, he was not so much for size as she was, an' her named Lily."

"She was," says I, "an' him sendin' trillions o' love t'oughts. Sure you never can tell be the size of a man, how much he t'inks a woman will take offen him. A trillion is mor'n you could count if you lived a lifetime."

"You couldn't count it, if you had the nine lives of a cat, no you couldn't," says Mary Cassidy. "An' be the piece in the paper, she up an' give him a kick in the stomick, an' him callin' her, sweet Lily! What do you know about that?"

"She's no lady," says I.

"She is not," says Mary Cassidy. "No lady would kick a man, not in her class for size. Am I a liar?"

"You are not, Mary Cassidy," says I. "She's no lady. Sure, his heart must be achin'."

"'Tis his stomick that's achin,' more likely," says Mary Cassidy.

Wid that, we both give a laugh.

"Well," says I, hearin' a big t'ump in me yard, an' knowin' 'twas me coal arrivin', "it's me that must be goin' home. Is it a necktie or suspenders you do be plannin' to make out o' that grand piece o' red cloth, Mary Cassidy?"

"'Tis nayther," says she. "'Twould be a shame to put scissors to it. I'll give it to me old man, unharmed. 'Twill make him the elegant chest protector."

"Good day, Mary Cassidy," says I, wid politeness.

"Good day, Ann Donovan," says she. "Come over any time," says she, wid grandness, "when you want to get warm offen

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WIFE'S KIMONO THE TROUBLE

Pittsburg, Dec. 21.—It was early morning. Wladislaw Bulinsky went home, and when he saw his wife garbed in kimono and a belligerent air, he chidingly remarked that such was not the raiment in which a queen should greet her king. He would give her good apparel, but first, lest she might repeat the offense, he would destroy what she wore. Before she realized it, her husband had torn her reception gown and pretty nearly everything else she wore from her and was making a bonfire of it right in front of their home.

The policeman who came along was rebuked for not standing by him as one man should stand by another, and the magistrate further forgot brotherly love by giving Wladislaw a $50 fine or 90 days in the workhouse.

KILLS SELF FOR GIFT LACK

Pittsburg, Dec. 27.—Disappointed because she did not receive a gold watch she had been expecting for Christmas, Mrs. Michaelena Stopek, aged 24, of McKee's Rocks, drank poison and died just as a physician who had been called stepped in the door. Mrs. Stopek, after taking the poison, ran to the apartment of a neighbor and explained what she had done and the reason for her act, then returned to her own apartment and died.

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AIRESS FLIES 103 MILES

Woman Aviator Breaks Record in France.

Etampes, France, Dec. 22.—Clad in engineer's overalls and long boots, Mlle. Helene Dutrieu yesterday afternoon broke all aeroplane records for sustained flights by women, remaining aloft 2 hours and 33 minutes and negotiating 103 miles. It was only the extreme cold which caused the daring little French woman to descend when she did. She suffered greatly from the cold.

Mlle. Dutrieu uses the smallest of aeroplanes, a little Demoselle monoplane, the invention of Santos Dumont.

Holds Three Records.

The champion woman aviator now holds three records, the one she established yesterday and also those of being the first woman to drive a monoplane alone and with a companion. Although she is regarded as an expert pilot, the Aero club of France refused her a license because of her sex.

Mlle. Dutrieu's greatest previous feat was on September 2, when she flew from Ostend, Belgium, to Bruges and return, 28 miles, carrying a passenger.

Legagneux Wins Michelin Cup.

At Pau yesterday M. Legagneux, the French aviator, established a new record in the Michelin cup competition, remaining in the air from 8:34 o'clock yesterday morning until 2:35 o'clock in the afternoon and covering a distance of 516 kilometres, or 320.43 miles.

The Michelin cup is awarded annually to the aviator making within the year the longest sustained flight in a closed circle and exceeding the record of the previous year. The winner receives a premium of $4,000.

FLIES OVER THE CHANNEL IN SEARCH OF PRIZE

Dover, England, Dec. 22.—Cecil Grace, competing for the De Forrest prize, flew over the English channel, from Dover, in a thick fog this morning and was reported as passing over Calais, France, at 10:45 o'clock.

Baron De Forrest has offered a prize of $20,000 for the longest flight including the crossing of the English channel, made in 1910 by an Englishman in an English built machine.

Several aviators had been awaiting favorable opportunity to compete for the trophy. Sopwith has already set a mark of 190 miles. On last Sunday he left Eastchurch, Sheppy Island, at 8:15 o'clock in the morning, crossed from Dover to Calais and descended at Beaumont, Belgium.

HOUSE LIMIT IS 440

New Census Means Jump in Membership.

Washington, Dec. 23.—All data needed by the house committee on census in connection with the apportionment act, to be taken up after the holidays, was forwarded yesterday to Representative Crumpacker of Indiana, chairman of the committee, by the director of the census. The figures show what the unit of representation should be in a house composed of 390 members, or anywhere from that number up to 440 members.

If congress decides upon a house of 440 members no state will lose representation despite the loss of population registered in some cases. With a house of this size Maine would retain its delegation of four members. Unless it is decided that the house shall embrace 435 members Iowa will lose one representative.

It will take a house of 433 members to save Missouri's delegation of 16 representatives, a house of 427 members to save Indiana's delegation of 13, and a house of 415 to save Ohio's delegation of 21.

Chairman Crumpacker believes that the apportionment act should be passed at this session, and it is understood he favors a unit of representation that will insure no loss of members to any state. Certain Republicans, among them the delegation from New York, are opposed to action on the apportionment act at this time.

The New Yorkers are favorable to delay in the hope that the party will carry the lower branch of the legislature next year, and thus be in a position to prevent a Democratic gerrymander of New York.

SEES HEALTH IN AIR TRIPS

Doctor Says "Airatorium" is Next Resort for Invalids.

London, Dec. 27.—The "Airatorium" may now be looked for as a development of science. Dr. Toulouse favors the utilization of the aeroplane in the cure of diseases.

"Here is a new physical agent," says the doctor, "which, without exacting muscular stimulates the heart functions and modifies the rhythm of respiration by reason of the rarification of the atmosphere.

"People with nervous or cardiac affections might well take to this passive species of gymnastics. Better still, sick persons can find in an aeroplane flight perfect sunshine, pure air, and exhilarating calmness which even Egypt and the Riviera cannot afford.

"The light at greater elevations has peculiar qualities. It is richer in ultra violet rays than at the sea level. Ultra violet rays have an intense anti-bacterial effect in the coolness of the upper air mains."

Dr. Toulouse predicts that the airship will play a large part in therapeutics of the future.

HOLDS OLD SUITOR TOO LIVELY

Girl Refuses Old Man Who Outlived Three Wives.

New York, Dec. 27.—"I refused to marry this old man because he has outlived three wives already and has seven children. He knows I didn't steal $75 from him and he trumped up the charge, because I told him not to hang around me any longer."

This was the defense of Ida Goldstein, 22, of East New York, when arraigned on complaint of Philip Halpern, 60. Halpern alleged that one night, two weeks ago, when he was calling on Miss Goldstein, she took $75 from his vest pocket.

"Your case against this young woman is very flimsy," said the court to Holpern. "However, I will parole her for examination January 4."

SENDS FAR FOR ONE WIFE.

New York, Dec. 27.—A marriage brokerage business conducted by the city would pay, according to a number of letters received at the mayor's office yesterday. A man in Portland, Ore., is the latest to write Mayor Gaynor for a wife. He says: "Ladies is scairs out here." The mayor published the letter and 15 requests, one in French, were received for the address of the would- sooner.

INTOLERABLE ITCHING

"Two years ago some form of humor appeared on my scalp. The beginning was a slight itching, but it grew steadily worse until, when I combed my hair, the scalp became raw. Most of the time there was an intolerable itching, in a painful, burning way. Combing my hair was positive torture. My hair was long and tangled terribly because of the blood and scabs. Over half my hair fell out and I was in despair, really afraid of becoming totally bald. After being asleep a short time, that awful stinging pain would commence and then I would wake up nearly wild with the torture. I now decided to order a set of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills. I used them for perhaps six weeks, then left off, as the disease seemed to be eradicated. But toward spring, eighteen months ago, there was a slight return of the scalp humor. I commenced the Cuticura treatment at once, so had very little trouble. Since then I have had no scalp trouble of any kind and had it not been for Cuticura I should doubtless be wholly bald. Miss Lillian Brown, R. F. D. 1, Liberty, Me., Oct. 29, 1909."

BIG SCANDALS SCENTED

Budapest Society Fears Dead Blackmailer.

Vienna, Dec. 21.—Social circles in Budapest which, not without reason, is called the "Paris of Hungary," are greatly disturbed over a disagreeable affair, the final outcome of which is still awaited with breathless trepidation. A ladies' hairdresser, named Vigyazo, has been conducting an organized campaign against ladies of the aristocracy, which appears to have been long planned.

Vigyazo, a strikingly handsome man of elegant appearance and polished manners, selected the business of a hairdresser for the sole reason that it would bring him into close connection with those circles in which he hoped to find victims. By degrees he became acquainted with the intimate secrets of his patronesses.

Thus finding himself in possession of sufficient material, he forwarded various blackmailing letters, in one declaring that he had entire knowledge of a lady's meeting with her chauffeur, in another giving exact details of the lady's interviews with an officer of the hussars, while other letters of the same character contained scarcely-veiled threats. The price which he demanded for his silence varied from 3,000 to 5,000 kronen, or even more.

An energetic lady, wife of a millionaire, to whom the blackmailer had written by mistake, informed the criminal authorities, who arrester the man. It soon became known that he had communicated to the police a number of compromising stories and threatened, in case of a trial, to divulge all the scandalous secrets in his possession.

Shortly after his arrest the young adventurer, who came from an excellent and once wealthy family in Vienna, committed suicide in his cell, but even his tragic end has not allayed the fear of the indiscreet victims of the hairdresser. They fear that he has left compromising notes and papers and that their secrets may yet become public property in some way.

THIEF TAKES HIS GOLD AUTO

It Was of Model Size and Manufacturer Mourns Its Loss.

New York, Dec. 22.—Jewelry and other valuables worth $1,000 were stolen from the apartment of H. Emil Holt, president of the Pope-Hartford Automobile Co., who lives at No. 167 West Seventy-second street, while he was away on Monday night, he reported to the police yesterday.

Being a Spanish war veteran, Mr. Holt considers his service medal among his most prized possessions, and it was the first thing he missed. Other valuables taken were a $300 gold stop watch and a solid gold automobile model worth several hundred dollars. An odd feature of the robbery was that a 50 cent pocket knife was taken from a vest pocket, but a gold pencil, which was in the same pocket was left behind.

Mr. Holt's automobile was stolen a few weeks ago from in front of his home, but was found later in front of a down-town hotel.

DRY LAW STOPS CHURCH WINE

Archbishop Ireland Seeks Modification of Order Prohibiting It.

St. Paul, Dec. 22.—Enforcement of federal liquor laws by W. E. ("Pussyfoot") Johnson in northern Minnesota is interfering with religious rites in churches in the proscribed territory.

To remedy conditions which have prevented some Catholic churches in northern Minnesota from procuring wine for sacramental purposes Bishop McGolrick, of Duluth, conferred in St. Paul yesterday with Archbishop Ireland. Bishop McGolrick says the railroads have refused shipments of wine for church purposes under consignment to towns in the Indian territory.

Archbishop Ireland and McGolrick will take action looking toward having the prohibitive order modified.

TAFT HALTS STATE PLAN

President Sends Congress Message Stopping Boundary Change.

Washington, Dec. 21.—Within a short time after President Taft had sent a special message to congress today urging such action, the senate adopted a joint resolution authorizing the annullment of a portion of the constitution of the proposed new state of New Mexico, attempting to change the established boundary line between Texas and New Mexico.

It also provides for the remarking of the boundary as established by the Clark survey made in 1859-60. The house has not yet acted upon the resolution.

POET'S HOME IS SOLD CHEAP

Property of T. Buchanan Read Brings Only $1,261.

West Chester, Pa., Dec. 21.—The home of T. Buchanan Read, the poet, author of Sheridan's Ride and other noted poems, situated in the little village of Guthrieville, was sold Monday at public sale to John T. Mollineaux, of Sullivan county, for $1,261.

While residing in Guthrieville Read wrote the poem, New Pastoral, in which he described rural life and scenes, and which he believed to be his best production. Many of the old residents around Guthrieville remember the poet-sculptor, who dwelt among them several years. The house is now in bad repair and the 18 acres show the neglect of years.

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THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Dec. 27.—The fact that southwest damage reports are offset by bearish statistics lead wheat interests to look for no radical changes in price for a time at least. In parts of Kansas, Oklahoma and other districts of the southwest, clear skies give little promise of a break in drought. Trading will be hampered for a couple of days from the lack of definite information on Liverpool, this market to be closed the first half of the week. Toledo cash and December opened unchanged at 96⅞c. May ¼c down at $1.00 and July ¼c off at 95⅜c. By 10 o'clock, the market reached a position about lc lower than the previous close.

Expectation of rain in the southwest and an increase of nearly a million bushels in the visible supply caused a break soon after the opening. Longs became tired and bears sold. On the decline there was some good buying that caused a slight rally. Cash and December closed ⅜c off at 96c, May ½c off at 99⅝c, July ⅜c lower at 95⅛c.

Coarse grains were little changed from the Saturday's final prices. December corn opened ½c to higher at 49c. May unchanged at 50¼c and July at 51¼c. The market showed a sagging tendency early.

With the exception of a loss of ⅛c in the two futures, corn was the same at the close as on Saturday.

Oats opened a shade easier but before midday recovered what little ground was lost at the outset. December opened at 35c, May at 37¼c and July at 36½c.

Final oats prices: Cash and December 35c, May 37¼c, July 36¼c.

With the exception of October, which opened 5c higher, clover seed values were 2½c to 5c lower at the start. Cash, December, January and February opened at $9.25. April at $8.95 and October at $7.80.

Clover seed remained practically unchanged from the opening to the close.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Dec. 27.	Close Dec. 24.
Wheat—					
Cash	96¾	....	....	96	96⅞
Dec.	96⅜	....	....	96	96⅜
May	1.00	....	....	99⅝	1.00¼
July	95⅝	....	....	95⅛	95⅝
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	48½	48½
Dec.	49	49¼	49	49	48½
May	50¼	....	50	50¼	50½
July	51¼	....	....	51⅛	51¼
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	35	35
Dec.	35	....	....	35	35
May	37⅛	37¼	....	37⅛	37¼
July	36½	....	....	36⅛	36¾
Clover Seed—					
Cash	9.25	....	....	9.25	9.27½
Dec.	9.25	....	....	9.25	9.27½
Jan.	9.25	....	....	9.25	9.27½
Feb.	....	....	....	9.25	9.27½
March	....	....	....	9.25	9.27½
April	8.95	....	....	8.90	9.00
Oct.	7.80	....	....	7.80	7.77½
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	83	83
No. 3	....	....	....	80	80
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	4.65	4.65
Dec.	....	....	....	4.65	4.65
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	9.25	9.25
Dec.	....	....	....	9.25	9.25

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Dec.	92⅛	....	91⅝	91⅝	92⅝
May	96⅛	....	95½	95⅞	96⅝
July	93½	....	92¾	93	93⅝
Corn—					
Dec.	47⅛	47½	46⅝	46⅞	46¾
May	48¼	48⅝	47⅝	47⅞	48¼
May	49⅛	49⅝	48⅝	48⅝	49¼
Sept.	50¼	....	49⅝	49⅝	50⅛
Oats—					
Dec.	31⅝	31⅝	31⅛	31⅜	31⅝
May	34⅝	....	....	34	34⅛
July	34⅛	....	33⅝	34	34⅛
Sept.	33⅛	....	....	33	33¼

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	97⅜	97⅜
May	1.02¼	....	1.01⅜	1.01⅜	1.02⅛

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	97½	....	....	96⅞	97⅝
Dec.	95	....	....	95	95⅝

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	1.00⅞	1.01¼
May	....	....	....	1.03	1.03⅜

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	1.01½	1.01½
May	....	....	....	1.04⅝	1.05⅛

WINNIPEG.

Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	90	90½
May	....	....	....	94⅛	94

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Jan.	20.00	....	19.60	19.70	19.90
May	19.10	....	18.87	18.92	18.95
Lard—					
Jan.	10.82	....	....	10.70	10.80
May	10.40	....	10.30	10.35	10.37
July	....	....	....	....	10.25
Ribs—					
Jan.	10.47	....	10.42	10.45	10.45
May	10.02	....	9.90	9.92	9.95

Money and Stocks.

New York, Dec. 27.—(Wall Street.)—The feature of the stock market under resumption of business following the triple holiday, was the severe decline in General Electric, due presumably to the approaching prosecution of the so-called electric trust by the federal government.

General Electric opened with a decline of 1⅜ and declined to 2¾ points. The rest of the list was inclined to weakness, with the exception of Western Maryland, which showed initial gains of ¾ to 1 point.

Trading was all on the bear side in the first hour, with what the room regarded as especially good selling of United States Steel. In addition to General Electric, which continued weak, there were declines of a point or over in Steel, Westinghouse, Union Pacific, Reading and Lehigh Valley. Buying orders at the low level resulted in some recoveries before the end of the first hour, but the market's undertone was still heavy.

The selling movement gathered volume in the second hour, and caused further declines in the active list. The same group of speculators who were recently credited with much activity for the long account were today prominent on the other side. The closing of a local state bank of minor importance contributed to the predominant bearish sentiment. General Electric made a further decline to 151 on light offerings. Exceptions to the downward tendency were consolidated Gas and Western Maryland, but the movement in these issues was attributed to pool manipulation. Bonds were irregular.

Prices hardly moved at all during the usual interval of midday dullness, but the undertone was much better. Consolidated gas lost all its forenoon rise and Pacific Mail was also down two points.

New York Stocks.

At the opening New York stocks were fairly active Tuesday. The rest of the session was dull, though the list showed a net gain of about a point. Trading was comparatively liberal for the holiday period.

New York, Dec. 27, 1910.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Am. Loco. com	36½	36¾	36½	36⅝
Atchison	100⅛	100⅛	99⅝	100
Am. Car and F. Co.	49½	49½	48½	48⅝
Anaconda	38½	38½	38¼	38¼
Amal. Copper	62⅝	62⅝	61¼	61¼
Am. Smelters	73¼	73⅝	72⅝	72⅝
Am. Ag. Chem. Com.	45½	45½	45¼	45¼
Am. Steel Fdy.	42	42	42	42
Am. Tel and Tel.	142⅛	142⅛	141⅝	141⅝
Am. Tobacco pfd.	93¼	93¼	93¼	93¼
Am. Beet Sugar	43⅝	43⅝	42⅝	43
Balt. and Ohio	104½	104½	104¼	104½
Blyn. R. Trans.	75¼	75¼	74½	74½
Cast. I. Pipe pfd.	50¼	50¼	50¼	50¼
Canadian Pac.	193¼	193¼	193¼	193¼
Clover Leaf pfd.	52½	52½	52½	52½
Ches. and Ohio	80	80	79⅝	79⅝
Central Leather	31⅝	31⅝	31⅛	31⅛
Consolidated Gas	135¼	136¼	134½	135¼
Can pfd.	76½	76½	76⅝	76¼
Corn Product com	14½	14½	14⅜	14⅜
Del. & Hudson	163	163	163	163
Distillers Sec.	33	33	33	33
Erie com.	27⅜	27⅝	27	27
Gt. Northern pfd.	122½	122½	122	122
Gt. Northern Ore.	56¼	56¼	56⅛	56⅛
Interborough com.	19½	19½	19¼	19¼
Interborough pfd.	53½	53½	53	53¼
K. C. Sou. com.	32	32½	31⅞	32
Louis. & Nash.	143¼	143¼	143¼	143¼
Laclede Gas	105⅜	105⅜	105	105
M. K. & T. com.	32½	32¼	31⅞	32
Nor. Pacific	115¾	115¾	115	115¼
Nat'l Lead	55	55	53	53
Nevada Con's	18⅜	18⅜	18¼	18¼
N. Y. Central	110¼	110¼	109⅝	110
N. & W. com.	90½	90⅝	90½	90⅝
Pr. Steel Car Co. com	30	30	30	30
Penn. Ry.	128	128½	127⅞	128¼
Pacific Mail	28¼	28¼	27	27
People's Gas Co.	105⅝	105⅝	105⅝	105⅝
Reading com.	149⅞	149⅞	148	148⅝
Rock Island	29	29	29	29
Rep. I. & S.	30¼	30¼	30	30
Ry. Stel Springs	31¼	31¼	31¼	31¼
South. Ry.	26⅛	26⅛	25⅝	26
So. Ry pfd.	60⅞	61	60⅞	61
St. Paul	122	122¼	121½	122
Southern Pacific	115	115	113⅞	114
So. Pac. Con. 4's.	97¼	97¼	97¼	97¼
Tenn. Copper	34⅝	34⅝	34⅜	34⅝
Union Pacific	169⅞	169⅞	168½	168½
U. S. Steel	72¼	72¼	71⅝	71⅝
U. S. Steel pfd.	116	116⅜	116½	116⅞
U. S. Steel 5s.	104	104⅛	104	104
U. S. Rubber com.	34	34½	33⅝	34⅛
Utah Copper	44½	45	44½	44⅝
Virginia Chem	61½	61½	61⅜	61⅜
West. Maryland	50	51⅛	50	50⅞
Wabash pfd.	33	33⅜	33	33⅜
Western Union	72½	73	72½	73

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Dec. 27.—Hog receipts were exceedingly light and the market opened 10c to 15c higher and the close was steady. Monday, bulk of hog sales were at $8.05.

Hogs—Selected heavies, $8.10; good mediums, $8.10; heavy yorkers, $8.10@8.15; light yorkers, $8.10@8.15; good mixed, 150 lbs. and up, $8.10@8.15; good pigs, $8.15@8.25; bulk of sales, $8.10@8.15; stags and roughs, $6.00@7.25.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $6.00@6.50; good to choice, $6.00@6.25; good fat 1,000 to 1,200 lbs., $5.75@6.00; fair to good steers, 900 to 1,100 lbs., $5.00@5.50; common and light, $4.25@4.75; choice fat cows, $4.50@5.00; fair to good cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $3.00@3.50; canners and cutters, $2.25@3.00; prime bulls, $4.00@4.50; good butcher bulls, $3.50@4.00; fair to good bologne bulls, $3.25@3.50; common bulls, $3.00@3.50; choice fat heifers, $5.00@5.50; fair to good heifers, $4.25@4.75; common and light heifers $3.50@4.00; good to choice feeding steers, $5.00@5.75; fair to good feeders, $5.00@5.50; stockers, good to choice, $4.50@5.00; stockers, common to fair, $4.00@4.50; milkers and springers $25@55.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $3.75@4.25; good to choice mixed $3.25@3.75; fair to good, $2.75@3.75; culls and common, $1.75@2.75; culls to fair, $4.75@5.25; yearlings, $4.25@4.75; lambs, choice, $6.40.

Calvese—Veal, choice to extra, $10 down.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, Dec. 27.—(By Swope, Hughes, Wells & Benstead.)—Cattle—4 cars, steady. Hogs—20 cars, strong; heavy and yorkers, $8.25; pigs, $8.40. Sheep—5 cars, steady; best lambs, $6.90@7.00; yearlings, $5.00@5.25; wethers, $4@4.25; ewes, $3.75@4.00. Calves—$5.00@11.00.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Dec. 27.—Cattle—Receipts estimated at 3,500; market strong to a shade higher; beeves, $4.65@7.30; Texas steers, $4.20@5.35; western steers, $4.00@5.90; stockers and feeders, $3.40@5.80; cows and heifers, $2.50@6.25; calves, $7.25@9.50. Hogs—Receipts estimated at 15,000; market 5c higher; light, $7.60@8.00; mixed, $7.65@8.00; heavy, $7.60@8.00; rough, $7.60@7.75; good to choice heavy, $7.75@8.00; pigs, $8.00@8.05; bulk of sales, $7.90@7.95. Sheep—Receipts estimated at 10,000; market 5@10c higher; native, $2.60@4.35; western, $2.75@4.30; yearlings, $4.75@5.80; lambs, native, $4.25@6.50; western, $4.75@6.40.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Dec. 27.—(By Bower and Bower.)—Hogs—Receipts 20 cars; market higher; mediums and yorkers $8.15; pigs, $8.25. Calves $10.00. Lambs, $6.65. Cattle, $4.50@5.75.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Dec. 27.—(By the Live Stock Journal.)—Cattle—Steady. Hogs—Receipts 2,300; active and 10c to 15c higher; heavy and mixed, $8.10@8.15; mediums and yorkers, $8.15@8.20; lights and pigs, $8.35@8.40. Sheep—Steady; $4.25; lambs, $6.75. Calves—Steady; $10.00.

Toledo Produce Market.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1 lb. print, 31c; solid pack 30c.

Process Butter—Per lb., tub. 26@27c; dairy prints, 25@26c; packing stock, 19c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 15½c; New York state, 16c; brick, 16@17c; limburger, 17@18c.

Eggs—Storage, 27@29c; candled, 31c; strictly fresh, fancy, 38@40c.

Onions—Spanish, 45-lb. crate, $1.25; homegrown, 100 lbs., $1.50@1.00; red, $1.75.

Celery—Michigan, 35@50c; Boston, bunch, 30@35c.

Lettuce—12½c; head, Boston doz., $1.35@1.50.

Spinach—Dozen, $1.00.

Cucumbers—Boston, doz., $2.25.

Brussel Sprouts—Qt., 25c.

Tomatoes—4 basket crate, $4.50.

Wax Beans—Southern, hamper, $5.00@7.00.

Squash—Hubbard, lb., 2c.

Potatoes—48@50c.

Sweet Potatoes—Delaware, hamper, $1.25; Jersey, kiln dried, bbl., $3.75.

Turnips—Bu., 40c.

Rutabagas—60 lbs., 50c.

Cabbage—Home grown, lb., 1c; ton, $18.00.

Beets—Bu., 50c.

Radishes—Bunch, 25c; Parsley, doz. bunches, 12½c; Shallots, southern, bunch, 40c.

Carrots—Bbl., $1.00.

Cranberries—Oak bog, bbl., $8.50; late Howes, bbl., $10.50@12.00.

Bananas—Bunch, $1.2.@2.00.

Apples—Baldwin, No. 1, $4.50; No. 2, $3.50@3.75; Greenings, No. 1, $4.50; No. 2, $3.75; Spies, No. 1, $5.00; Northwest, fancy, box, $2.00@2.50.

Lemons—California, $4.50.

Oranges—Florida, $2.00@2.75. Navels, $2.50@2.75.

Kumquats—Qt., 25c.

Pineapples—Box, $3.50; Havana, doz., $1.25.

Grape Fruit—Box, $3.25@4.00.

Tangerine—Half strop $2.50.

Grapes—Catawba and Concords, pony baskets, 18c; Almeria, bbl., $5.50@6.50.

Figs—Pound, 11c, 12c and 15c.

Dates—Fard, 11; Khad, bulk, 6½c.

Poultry—Fowls, 11½c; chickens, 12c; dressed, 13@14c; cocks, 9c; ducks, 14@15c; dressed, 20c; geese, 13@14c; dressed, 15c; turkeys, 22c; dressed, 25c.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 10c; heavy and rough, 8@8½c; calves, prime, 11@12c; fair, 10@11½c.

Yearling lambs, 8@10c; spring lambs, 10@12c; pets off, sheep, 6@8c.

Cow Beef—5@6c.

Steers—8@10c.

Heifers—7@9c.

Cleveland Produce.

Cleveland, Dec. 27.—Butter—Quiet—creamery extra, 32½@33c; prints, 33¼@34c; firsts, 31½@32c; seconds, 30½@31c; fancy dairy, 25½@26¼c; choice, 23½@24¼c; process extras, 28¼@29c; process firsts, 27½@28c; prints, 1c extra; packing, 21@21½c. Cheese—Steady; full cream fancy York state, 16@17½c; Ohio full cream, 15@16¼c; new Swiss, No. 1, 20@21c; No. 2, 18@19c; brick and limburger, 17@18c. Eggs—Steady; fresh gathered extra firsts, 30c; firsts, 27c; current receipts, 26c; seconds, 25c; refrigerator extras, 26½c; firsts, 24½c. Poultry—Alive, steady; fowls, 12@12½c; light, 10@11c; spring chickens, 17@17½c; turkeys, 21@22c; geese, light, 13c; heavy, 15c; dressed chickens, 13@14c; ducks, 19@20c; geese, 14@16c; turkeys, 23@24c.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, Dec. 27.—Butter—Steady; creameries, 23@29c; dairies, 21@25c. Eggs—Steady; receipts 1,614 cases; at mark, cases included, 19½@22½c; firsts, 29c; prime firsts, 31c. Cheese—Steady; daisies, 15@15½c; twins, 14@14½c; young Americas, 15½@15¾c; long horns, 15@15¾c. Potatoes—Steady; choice to fancy, 43@45c; fair to good, 38@42c. Poultry—Steady; turkeys, alive, 17c; dressed, 21c; chickens, alive, 11c; springs, alive, 11c. Veal—Steady; 50 to 60 lb wts., 9@10c; 60 to 85 lb. wts., 11@11½c; 85 to 110 lb. wts., 12c.

New York Produce.

New York, Dec. 27.—Butter—Steady; receipts 4,278; creamery specials, 31c; extra, 29½@30c; third to first, 23@28½c; creamery held, third to special, 28@30c; state dairy, common to finest, 21@29c; process, second to special, 20@25c; imitation creamery first, 23@24c; factory, held, 23c; do current make, 21@23c

24 DIE IN CHICAGO, 14 IN PHILADELPHIA

Flames in Chicago Stock Yards Cost Nelson Morris Packing Company More Than a Million---Ammonia Pipe Starts Blaze.

Thirty-seven firemen and a policeman paid the fatal penalty of sticking hard to duty in two remarkably disastrous fires in Philadelphia and Chicago last night and today.

Hour after hour the faithful fire fighters of these two cities stood face to face with gathering peril until they were either swept down to instant death by crash of iron and brick or fell in their tracks, almost dead from exhaustion.

In Chicago, "Sunny Jim" Horan, for years popular as a fire marshal in Chicago, lost his life at the side of his men when tons of red hot brick buried him at the Nelson Morris packing plant. With him to death went Assistant Chief Burroughs.

In Philadelphia, Fireman Glazier, pinned under brick and beams, fought for life for twelve hours and may yet win. Surgeons with opiates and oxygen tanks and a priest ready to perform the last offices, stood by him all those hours.

In both cities, the cold was bitter. The men fought in ice and melting slush. For a time the whole stockyards district of Chicago was menaced, but the steady onslaught of the firemen who were left to fight conquered at last.

24 FIREMEN AND THEIR CHIEF PERISH IN CHICAGO

Chicago, Dec. 22.—Fire Marshal James Horan and 24 firemen were killed today in a fire which caused $1,250,000 damage to the warehouses and stock of Morris & Co., packers, and for hours threatened the whole stock yards district.

The injured will number more than 50, listing being difficult because they were rushed in ambulances and private automobiles to hospitals and homes in many sections of the city. Seven bodies have been recovered.

The buildings destroyed include two warehouses full of dressed meat, hemp, etc., tallow house and other structures.

Mammoth Canopy Falls.

An overhanging wooden canopy fell from the beef house of Morris & Co., where the fire started, carrying with it tons of red hot bricks and debris upon two companies of firemen and the chief, crushing them to death and encasing their bodies in a veritable furnace, into which their comrades were unable to dig for several hours.

Some Roasted to Death.

Nearly all those who were not killed outright when the walls fell were roasted to death before help could reach them.

Other firemen, witnesses of the fate of their chief, deserted for a brief time other parts of the blazing structure and sought with their bare hands to drag apart the glowing bricks and debris which covered the body of their chief and his companions.

Work in Vain.

Finding this a vain effort, they obeyed again the direction of Assistant Marshal Seyferlich and redoubled their efforts to shut in the spreading area of flame.

The fire was first discovered at about 4 o'clock by a watchman in the Morris & Company beef house at 43d and Loomis streets. An ammonia pipe, bursting, started spontaneous combustion that spread so quickly the watchman barely had turned in the fire alarm before the flames began bursting from the building.

Fire Marshal Horan, at his home on the West Side, heard the second call for fire apparatus and hurried to the stock yards in his automobile.

By the time of his arrival his assistants who had reached the scene earlier had abandoned the effort to save the beef house, and were endeavoring to head off the rush of fire toward other buildings. Flames were billowing out of several structures near by when the marshal arrived, and the inferno was blistering the hands and faces of the pipemen and laddermen who were sticking by their positions under the encouragement of commanders, who themselves were burned and blistered.

Seek Fatal Shelter.

The shelter of the awning which later became the destroyer of a score of lives, was sought by firemeen, led by Horan, Burroughs and Fitzgerald.

On top of the canopy another group of firemen still played streams of water. Suddenly Lieutenant Joseph Mackey, leader of the brave band there, felt the wall going, and shouted a warning to those beneath. He jumped with his crew and escaped death, but the men below the canopy were walled in by the collapsing bricks.

Meanwhile, firemen who knew nothing of this, augmented by constantly arriving aids, were standing in the path of the advancing flames. They took their stand at building after building only to be driven back each time, blistered and scalded, and with lungs congested by steam and smoke.

Assistant Marshal Seyferlich, on who now lay the command, realizing the futility of saving property then ablaze, drew all the men to one side, and shouted: "We've got to let the rest of her go, men. Get back here and we'll make a final stand."

"Maybe we can save this part," pleaded some of the undaunted men.

"Nothing on earth could stop the fire in that building, boys," was Seyferlich's answer, and the men fell back.

The assistant marshal acknowledged at 10:15 that the whole stock yards district was in danger

Not Water Enough.

"We've got no water here, and we can do nothing effectively," he said "but we've got to stick out there and head off that fire if it takes every man in the department."

Captain H. H. Fuchs, of engine company 29, who had just left Marshal Horan with orders for his company, walked out from under the fatal canopy just as it crushed out the lives behind him.

Mayor Busse, discussing with Assistant Marshal Seyferlich the death of "Sunny Jim" Horan, as the marshal was known at the city hall, had a narrow escape. Explosion of ammonia pipes on the fourth floor of the building they were watching threw bricks, beams and frozen meat in a shower about them.

Seyferlich threw himself in front of the mayor, and though Mr. Busse is a portly man, Seyferlich almost crushed him to the ground in the effort to shield him from harm. Then, grasping the mayor by the arm, the assistant marshal rushed him away to safety.

Sob at Chief's Death.

By 11 o'clock the news of Horan's death had reached all the firemen and many of them sobbed aloud as they heard it. Those who were detailed to recover the bodies wept as bits of clothing of their lost comrades came to light. A crushed helmet brought up in a scoop of the big scraper proved to be that of Assistant Chief Burroughs, and the devoted workers continued their labors with tears streaming down their faces.

The buildings totally destroyed at 11:30 a. m. included the beef house of Morris & Co., with loss to building and stock of $500,000; warehouse No. 6, loss to building and stock $550,000; refrigerator storage shed, $50,000.

Several other buildings were afire, and the efforts of the firemen were beginning to tell. It was believed at that hour the flames soon would be under control.

Mayor Busse has called a special meeting of the council for this afternoon to take such action as is necessary.

13 FIREMEN AND POLICEMAN DIE IN PHILADELPHIA

Philadelphia, Dec. 22. — Fourteen known dead, 13 firemen and one policeman, and more than 50 injured of whom 25 are still in hospitals, is the record of last night's fire at the leather factory of Daniel Friedlander in this city.

These figures were given out by the police at noon today, and the city officials believe they have accounted for all the men who were at work at the fire when the several walls of the five story building fell in on them. The monetary loss will not exceed $25,000.

Others Critically hurt.

Of the injured several are in a critical condition and may die. What is believed to be the last body in the ruins was taken from an ice coated mass of debris shortly before noon. The officials, however, gave orders to clear the ruins to make sure there were no other victims in the place.

Two firemen were taken out of the ruins alive, after having been pinned under the great mass of twisted iron and broken bricks for 12 hours, but one of them, Thomas Pass, died on the way to a hospital.

The escape from instant death of William Glazier, of Engine Company No. 6, was truly remarkable. Glazier was pinned down by machinery, and a heavy beam which fell across his feet, when one of the walls fell at midnight. His cries brought rescuers, who worked for 12 hours to free him. He was taken out at 1:22 p. m. today. Glazier himself was able to direct the work of his rescuers, while the displacement of even a brick might have brought tons of debris down upon him to crush out his life.

Priest Waits Near.

A priest stood by to administer spiritual comfort, and doctors worked to keep him alive. Finally he was freed of everything except a big beam across one foot. Police surgeons who had administered stimulants and drugs during the morning got an oxygen tank in position and kept pumping oxygen into him. Another tube was run close to his face to take away the bad air, and a third tube carried more stimulants to him.

Finally the beam was raised far enough to release Glazier, and a cheer went up from firemen and the enormous crowd of spectators when the limp form was lifted upon a stretcher. Then he was taken as fast as an automobile ambulance could travel to a hospital.

Whether he will survive cannot yet be told. The physicians express the opinion that he has developed pneumonia and declare that it is remarkable that he should still be alive after lying in water and ice for 12 hours.

The police are making a rigid investigation of the cause of the fire. There are reports that the place may have been purposely set on fire by an enemy of Friedlander, who says men had been seen loitering about the factory for some time.

WE WILL PAY ABOUT. $95,000,000 FOR GIFTS.

Washington, Dec. 23.—Victor H. Olmstead, chief of the agricultural department's bureau of statistics, has figured out that Christmas this year will cost the American people about $90,000,000 in cash and perhaps $5,000,000 in debts.

In Prof. Olmstead's opinion not more than one-half of the people of the United States this year will make presents that cost actual money. Of the remaining 46,000,000 a few will not give presents because they do not believe in the custom. More will not give because of their religious beliefs. Still more will not give because they live in out-of-the-way places remote from stores. A vast number will not give because they have barely enough to clothe and feed themselves and their families.

Altogether it is estimated that about 46,000,000 persons have already bought or will buy presents and that their gifts will average a little less than $2 a person.

GREAT FIRES OF HISTORY

	Lives Lost
1212—London destroyed by fire	3,000
1666—London again destroyed	Thousands
1799—Congragration in Constantinple	7,000
1811—Theatre at Richmond, Va., destroyed	70
1825—Forest fires in New Brunswick	160
1838—Many buildings destroyed at Charleston, S. C.	Scores
1842—Hamburg, Germany	100
1845—Quebec	70
1850—Philadelphia	30
1851 Three thousand buildings in San Francisco destroyed	Scores
1862—Troy, N. Y., destroyed	Scores
1863—Santiago, South America	2,000
1866—Portland, Maine, nearly destroyed	Scores
1871—Chicago partly destroyed	200
1871—Forest fires in Michigan	1,000
1876—Conway's Theatre at Brooklyn destroyed	200
1881—Ring Theatre at Vienna destroyed	700
1882—Newhall Hall at Milwaukee destroyed	14
1885—Music Hall at Buffalo destroyed	3
1887—Opera Comique at Paris destroyed	20
1888—Temple Theatre at Philadelphia destroyed	Scores
1891—Central Theatre at Philadelphia destroyed	10
1897—Charity Bazaar at Paris destroyed	300
1897—Lyric Theatre at Bucharist destroyed	2
1897—Theatre Central at Brussels destroyed	Scores
1897—Yore's Opera House at Benton Harbor, Mich., destroyed	11
1897—Coliseum at Chicago destroyed	2
1897 People's Theatre at Aberdeen, Scotland, destroyed	10
1900—Windsor Hotel fire at New York	80
1901—Klondike Theatre at Milwaukee destroyed	14
1902—Lincoln Hotel at Chicago destroyed	14
1903—Iroquois Theatre at Chicago totally destroyed	600
1906—San Francisco fire	1,000
1908—Barnsley, England	16
1908—Theatre at Boyertown, Penn., destroyed	160
1908—Aveline Hotel at Ft. Wayne destroyed	16
1908—School at Collingwood, Ohio, destroyed	176
1910—L. Fish furniture store at Chicago destroyed	12
1910—Manufacturing district fire at Cincinnati	2
1910—Morris & Co. fire at Chicago	25

59,580 POSTOFFICES

Reduction During Last Year, Assistant Postmaster General Reports.

Washington, Dec. 22.—Dr. Charles P. Grandfield, first assistant postmaster general, in his annual report submitted yesterday to Postmaster General Hitchcock, shows that the number of postoffices in operation on June 30, 1910, was 59,580.

The gross revenue of the postal service during the fiscal year amounted to $224,128,657.62, an increase of $20,566,247.55. The exependitures for the year aggregated $229,977,224.58, an increase of $8,973,121.01.

The deficit was $5,848,566.88, as compared with $17,441,719.82 for the preceding year. Although the business of the postal service increase during the last fiscal year more than 10 per cent, the increase in expenditures decreased from an average of 8.06 per cent for each of the ten years preceding to 4.06 per cent in 1910.

564 Less Offices Than in 1909.

The number of postoffices established during the year was 1,509 and the number discontinued 2,073. At presidential offices, 2,576 postmasters were appointed and at fourth-class offices 9,428 postmasters were appointed.

The net increase in the expenditure for postoffice clerks during the year was $2,917,000, making the total expenditures $31,583,587; for letter carriers the net increase was $1,850,825, which was $16,047 less in 1910 than in the previous fiscal year, and resulting in an aggregate cost of $30,392,579.

The policy of the department to make no changes in postmasters so long as their services were satisfactory was followed uniformly throughout the country during the year.

Urges Payments at Clerk's Death

An urgent recommendation is made that in the event of the death of a postoffice clerk in the line of his duty, provision be made for the payment of a reasonable sum to his heirs, precisely as now is done in the event of the death of a railway postal clerk in the line of duty.

It is earnestly recommended that an appropriation of $10,000 be made to reward postal employes who present to the department patented devices or processes that may prove of value to the service.

In a discussion of the clerical and carrier forces of the postal service it is shown by figures presented in the report that no part of the reduction in the deficit of the department as a whole was due to any discrimination against clerks and carriers. As a fact, the average salaries of clerks and carriers during the year 1910 was higher than at any time in the previous history of the department.

It is the policy of the department, as shown by the report, not to require any more work in postoffices on Sundays and holidays than is absolutely necessary.

NO DISPUTE IN SIXTY YEARS

Cleveland, Dec. 27.—Marriage is a success, say Mr. and Mrs. Max Dubinsky, 80 and 77 respectively, who are celebrating their 60th wedding anniversary today. The Dubinskys were married in Riga, Russia, when he was a lad of 20 and she a lass of 17. Dubinsky says the only way is to marry young. Both say that they never quarrelled. They are hale and hearty and hope to live to celebrate their 70th wedding anniversary.

MAIL COST LESS

Second Assistant Postmaster General Makes His Annual Report.

Washington, Dec. 24.—Conditions of railway and ocean mail service are discussed fully in the annual report of Joseph Stewart, second assistant postmaster general, submitted yesterday to Postmaster General Hitchcock.

A considerable saving was effected during the year by the bureau of the second assistant, which is charged with the authorization and direction of the transportation of both domestic and foreign mails. The aggregate cost of the transportation of domestic mails during the year was $81,709,433.68, while the cost of foreign mails was $3,112,302.46. Notwithstanding the increased amount of mail handled the percentage of increase in the cost was only 1.15 per cent.

During the year 3,375 mail routes were in operation, covering a distance of 220,730 miles. The distance traveled by the mail of the United States was 426,923,109.55 miles. The amount of money necessary for railroad transportation for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1912, is $48,983,000, being 5.6 per cent more than the appropriation for the current fiscal year.

New Pay Method Saves $12,274,488.

In every instance possible the policy of equalizing the rate of pay for the transportation of mail by railroad routes on the basis of lowest cost has been followed. The department has saved $12,274,488 by the operation of the new method of adjusting pay to and including the present fiscal year. Sixteen railroad companies have filed suit against the United States attacking the validity of the order of the postmaster geenral in readjusting the rate of pay.

Particular diligence has been manifested by the department in its inquiry into the cost to railroad companies of carrying the mail.

SIX DROWN AS SHIPS COLLIDE

Antwerp, Dec. 25.—The Red Star liner Finland, bound from New York, collided today at the mouth of the river Scheldt with the sand steamer Baltique. Six members of the crew of the Baltique were drowned.

The Baltique is a Belgian steamer and was outbound. She sank immediately after being struck amidships by the Finland. With the exception of the six men who lost their lives, the crew of the Baltique were rescued by the Red Star boat and a pilot boat from the harbor.

The Finland sustained little damage.

ENGINEERS GIVEN RAISE

Much "Peace and Good Will" in Settlement With Western Engineers.

Chicago, Dec. 25.—Four millions of dollars a year was what the officials of 61 western railroads put in the stockings of the locomotive engineers yesterday afternoon.

The gift brought "peace and good will" and averted what might have proved one of the most disastrous strikes in the history of the country.

Commissioner of Labor Dr. Charles P. Neill played the part of Santa Claus to the engineers. For seven days he worked to bring the railroad managers and the engineers together anr with his work accomplished he left in the afternoon for his home in Washington, to spend Christmas with his family.

In spite of their repeated assertions that they had reached the limit, the managers made concessions in the face of a threatened strike. Concessions were made by the men also, but they established two of the chief points for which they contended—jurisdiction over motor trucks and an increased schedule for the Mallett type of engine. The increase granted the men runs as hight as 14 per cent on certain engines and as low as 8 per cent on the higher paid runs.

How Settlement Was Reached.

The compromise worked out by Commissioner Neill was taken up by Grand Chief Stone, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and the members of the advisory board yesterday morning in the Great Northern hotel, while W. B. Scott, of the Harriman lines, and his associates discussed the subject in their rooms at the Congress hotel. The managers and the engineers met in joint conference at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and formally signed the schedule, which insures peace and runs indefinitely until it is reopened by a notice of 30 days by either side.

The engineers get an average increase in wages of 10 1-3 per cent of their 1910 wage scale, giving them a Christmas present of an overage of approximately $192 for each of the 33,000 men involved for each subsequent year. Specifically, the agreement provides a ralse of 40 cents a day for all engineers, with a differential of 75 cents a day for the smaller Mallet engines, and a difference of $1 a day for the heaviest Mallets.

Has Public Good in Mind.

In a letter to United States Commissioner Charles P. Neill, who, as mediator under the Erdman act, brought settlement out of what seemed a sure disagreement, Grand Chief Engineer Warren S. Stone, of the brotherhood, gave as the reason for accepting the terms offered the suffering and loss which would attend a general western strike.

Numerous specific working conditions are improved by the agreement signed formally late yesterday. Engineers are given control of electric and gasoline motor cars used as locomotives, with an increase of 50 cents a day in present wages. Hostlers, under the protection of the engineers, also get an increase.

News Is Relief to Shippers.

This agreement gives the engineers on all the 61 railroads affected by the adjustment a total of some $3,899,000 annually, or approximately $192 for every man in the brotherhood. In addition, it means a relief to thousands of shippers who have anxiously watched the conference day after day. This relief was the chief factor in deciding the engineers to accept the average increase of 10 1-3 per cent instead of the 17 per cent they had settled on.

HOXSEY FLIES HIGHEST

Breaks Every Record for Altitude by Soaring Despite Stiff Wind.

Los Angeles, Dec. 27.—Aviation Field.—Arch Hoxsey, with a Wright biplane, yesterday afternoon broke the world's altitude record for aeroplanes, when he reached a height of 11,474 feet. He was in the air 2 hours and 15 minutes and returned to the ground apparently unruffled by his great performance. When he landed he was given a tremendous ovation by the 75,000 people at the field and carried before the wildly delighted grand stand on the shoulders of his admirers.

The altitude record before was 10,499 feet, recently made by Legagneux at Pau, France. This is the second time the existing world's altitude record has been broken in Los Angeles, the first time being last January, when Louis Paulhan rose a little over 4,000 feet. Hoxsey accomplished his feat in a 40-mile gale that wrecked Hubert Latham's Antoinette monoplane and kept more cautious aviators on the ground.

Twenty Miles Away.

Hoxsey sailed into the sky at 1 o'clock. At 2:45 his barograph showed the greatest height while he soared over Venice, a seashore resort, more than 20 miles from the aviation field. Coming down he made a series of thrilling spiral glides while thousands of feet in the air. Before he came lightly to earth the crowd was on its feet cheering. He was lifted from his biplane by fellow aviators, who paraded up and down before the grand stand bearing the intrepid flier upon their shoulders. The crowds insisted on making a hero of Hoxsey. They did not give him time to doff his furs, but marched him back and forth before the grand stand.

"Was it windy up there?" he was asked.

"It blew so hard," replied Hoxsey, "that my machine hardly moved and barely held its own. It was so cold that more than once I thought my carburetor was about to freeze. I made the record because I determined to keep on going up until I passed Legagneaux's record, or until the carburetor froze."

Lathem Has Thrilling Ride.

The gale which Hoxsey and his brethren of the Wright camp, Parmalee and Brookins, braved successfully wrecked Latham's beautiful Antoinette machine completely. The Frenchman was among the aviators who answered the starting gun at 1 o'clock. For 2 hours and 15 minutes he fought the wind, which blew directly off the ocean, six miles from the aviation field. Then an adverse current slapped his aeroplane downward, hurled it into a fence under the brow of a hill, and threw the aviator into a gully.

The Frenchman was unhurt, but his machine was a tangled mass of wire and silken fabric. The motor was the only part left intact and Latham declared that having enough parts for three extra machines, he would build a new monoplane and be in the air again before the end of the meet.

Parmalee, driver of the "baby" Wright, also dared the wind and attained an altitude of 6,625 feet. He electrified the crowd by a series of whirling dips, and then Walter Brookins, originator of the spiral glide, went up. At this time the wind had attained a velocity of 40 miles an hour, but the Wright man went through spectacular performances apparently with as much ease as on the calmest day.

POSTAL SAVINGS JAN. 3

Postoffice Department Will Open System in 48 Cities Then.

Washington, Dec. 27.—Next week Uncle Sam will embark in the banking business. After doing a general business along a variety of lines for more than 134 years, the distinguished-looking old man with the blue swallow-tail and the white goatee has at last hearkened to the plaint of the public which constitutes his somewhat heterogeneous family, and has agreed to start a bank just for his own relatives, natural and adopted. The Postal Savings bank will open for business, actually, on January 3, 1911. Theoretically, New Year's day will be the date for inaugurating the new system.

For more than 40 years postmasters general in their annual reports have urged upon congress the desirability of establishing a system of banking in connection with the national system of postoffices which should insure to depositors the stability of the safety of their funds, great or small.

During the same period of two score years, opposition in one form or another has hindered the creation of the great government savings institution.

During that time the proposition has grown steadily in public favor until, in the presidential campaign of 1908 both the Republican and Democratic parties advocated its establishment in their national platforms.

60,000 Offices Ready for Use.

In the great postal system of the United States there are nearly 60,000 offices of all sorts and classes. It appealed to the public that in these postoffices, large and small, lay the opportunity for the creation of a system of banks of savings deposit for the millions of wage earners. Back of such a banking system stood the credit of the government. Money deposited in the postal savings bank was money lent to the government of the United States. So long as the government stood, the credit of the depositor was assured.

Starting the postal savings bank going is something of a job according to Postmaster General Hitchcock and his fellow members of the board of trustees, Attorney General Wickersham and Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh. These gentlemen delegated the onerous task of formulating the system of postal savings banks to a committee of division chiefs of the postoffice department who were sharps in the matter of organizing things.

Will Pay 2 Per Cent Interest.

It requires one dollar to open a postal savings account. This one dollar will bear 2 per cent interest per annum. This interest will be credited but once each year.

In his report for the fiscal year 1909-10, Postmaster General Hitchcock said:

"The total amount of money in the United States is estimated to be about $3,000,000,000. Of this sum, nearly 65 per cent, or about $2,000,000,000 is in the pockets of the people or in various hiding places—an average of nearly $22 per capita of population. There is every reason to believe that a system of postal savings banks would, to a great extent, call out these private hoards and return them to circulation through the regular banks of the country.

One dollar per capita thus released would add $90,000,000 to the volume of circulating medium. Five dollars per capita would add $450,000,000. Whatever this practical increase of the circulation proves to be, add to it the many millions that postal savings banks would prevent from being sent abroad by foreign-born depositors and the total will reach a magnitude which may well command attention."

$312,000,000 Sent Abroad in Four Years.

Referring to the outgo of money from the foreign-born residents of the United States the postmaster general calls attention to the fact that in the four years, 1906, 1907, 1908 and 1909, the United States postal money orders payable in foreign countries amounted to more than $312,000,000. A great portion of this sum will, in the belief of the postmaster general, remain in the United States with the safeguard of the postal savings bank, backed by the federal government as the standing inducement to the foreign-born resident to save his money and draw interest thereon.

The postmaster general believes that the postal savings bank will prove a benefit to the regular banking interests. He cites that in Great Britain where the postal bank is today a recognized success and where facilities for deposit in safe institutions were more numerous than in the United States, the system, long fought by the public and private banking interests of Great Britain, is today regarded as a strong and certain ally of the other banks and that the deposits of the commercial banks have increased in the same ratio as the deposits of the postal bank. The system has been working in England for more than half a century.

Stamps for Less Than a Dollar.

As has been said before, the deposits in the Postal Savings bank must be made in sums of one dollar or in multiples of one dollar. Nevertheless the saver of pennies and dimes will not be neglected. To the depositor who wishes to lay by the pennies, the nickels and the dimes, provision is made by the issuance of stamps which may be purchased at any postoffice bank after the system becomes operative and these stamps will be in practically all fractions of a dollar.

Behind the certificate of deposit will stand the projected postal savings bond. These bonds are planned to be the ultimate resort of the postal savings depositor. They will be issued in denominations of $20, $40, $60, $80 and $100. These bonds will bear 2 per cent interest, as do the certificates of deposit. The Bureau of Engraving and Printing is now engaged in the preparation of the $20 and the $100 denomination.

Forty-eight to Open in January.

The first postal banks to be opened for deposits January 3 are 48 in number. There will be one in every state and territory of the union. Under orders from the postmaster general the postmasters in the cities designated for the initial banks have been taking lessons in banking from the experts of the postoffice department this week.

The banks will be started in the following cities: Bessemer, Ala.; Globe, Ariz.; Stuttgart, Ark.; Oroville, Cal.; Leadville, Colo.; Ansonia, Conn.; Dover, Del.; Key West, Fla.; Brunswick, Ga.; Coeur d'Alene, Idaho; Pekin, Ill.; Princeton, Ind.; Decorah, Ia.; Pittsburg, Kas.; Middlesboro, Ky.; New Iberia, La.; Rumford, Me.; Frostburg, Md.; Houghton, Mich.; Bemidji, Minn.; Gulfport, Miss.; Carthage, Mo.; Anaconda, Mont.; Nebraska City, Neb.; Carson City, Nev.; Berlin, N. H.; Rutherford, N. J.; Raten, N. M.; Cohoes, N. Y.; Salisbury, N. C.; Wahpeton, N. D.; Ashtabula, O.; Guymon, Okla.; Klamath Falls, Ore.; Deadwood, S. D.; Johnson City, Tenn.; Port Arthur, Tex.; Provo, Utah; Montpelier, Vt.; Clifton Forge, Va.; Olympia, Wash.; Grafton, W. Va.; Manitowoc, Wis., and Laramie, Wyo.

Mary J. Holmes BOOKS GIVEN AWAY

The Gable Roofed House at Snowden
Glen's Creek Ada Harcourt
The Old Red House Among the Mountains
Rice Corner Tom and I
The Brown House in the Hollow
Kitty Craig's Life in New York

REMEMBER WE will not send you merely your choice of one of these books, but **all eight** of them, just as listed opposite, for your trouble in sending your subscription, to Every Day Life at 25c a year and 5c extra to help pay postage or 30c in all. **You all know Mary J. Holmes.** She is one of the world's most fascinating writers. **Her name alone** is enough to guarantee a good strong story, interesting and entertainingly told. Here is a chance for you to read **3** of her best books free, without costing you a cent. Every Day Life is a charming, illustrated monthly paper of interest to all members of the family. You can get the paper **one year** and a whole season's great reading for only **30c.**

EVERY DAY LIFE, Novel Dept. 101, Chicago, Ill.

ABOUT ADAMS COUNTY.

Adams county, the remaining remnant of one of the four original counties into which the Northwest Territory was divided, lies on the Ohio river, next west from Scioto county.

The county is extremely hilly and its people are much of the non-progressive type peculiar to such regions. Perhaps not more than half of the county acreage is under cultivation. The population increases but slowly, and in 1900 was 26,328.

West Union, the county seat, has long been distinguished as the only county seat town in Ohio without a railroad. Adams county is otherwise noteworthy as containing the famous Serpent mound.

Representing the highest source of earning in the community the public offices long have been zealously striven for, and politics has been the source of extreme and perpetual bitterness, a condition not only in Adams county, but among its neighboring hill counties. Years ago state examiners declared that irregular conditions discovered in public offices of these counties were the inevitable result of the factional warfare perennially conducted there.

LYNCHINGS DECREASE

57 Alleged Criminals Meet Death at Hands of Mob in 1910.

LYNCHINGS IN THE UNITED STATES.			
1894	190	1903	106
1895	171	1904	90
1896	131	1905	66
1897	166	1906	68
1898	127	1907	51
1899	107	1908	65
1900	116	1909	70
1901	135	1910	57
1902	96		

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 23.—Only 57 lynchings in the United States in 1910, a much smaller number than in almost any previous year in the last 16. In 1909 the total was 70 and in 1908 it was 65.

All but five of the 57 cases of lynching in 1910 were of negroes, and 10 of these cases were those in which the charge against the victim was assault on white women or girls. In 11 of the remaining number the charge was attempted criminal assault. In the five cases of white men four were for murder and the other for aiding and abetting in a jail delivery. Several of the cases in which negroes were lynched were based upon the murder, or alleged murder, of white women in which the question of assault is implied.

Nearly All in Southern States.

As in previous years, nearly all the lynchings were in southern states, Florida and Georgia having 10 each, Alabama and Arkansas eight each and Texas six. The only lynching in the north occurred in Ohio, the victim being Carl Etherington, an agent of the Ohio Anti-Saloon League, who met death at the hands of a mob in Newark following his imprisonment in jail on a charge of having murdered a saloonkeeper while making a raid on an alleged blind tiger.

Following is the record for 1910 by states: Alabama, eight negroes; Arkansas, eight negroes; Florida, eight negroes and two whites; Georgia, 10 negroes; Louisiana, one white man; Mississippi, five negroes; Missouri, three negroes; North Carolina, one negro; Ohio, one white man; Oklahoma, one negro; South Carolina, one negro; Tennessee, two negroes; Texas, four negroes and two whites.

Two Negro Women Lynched.

Of the five whites lynched, two were Italians, who were lynched in Florida. They were charged with murder and with inciting the riots during the strike of cigarmakers in Tampa. Another of the white victims was a Mexican, who was shot and burned at the stake near the Texas border, following his confession that he had murdered a white woman. Of the 52 negro victims two were women.

The record of the crimes for which the victims were put to death follows: Murder, 17; criminal assault, 10; attempted criminal assault, 11; robbery, four; attempted murder, seven; aiding and abetting jail delivery, three; assgesse. sault with intent to do bodily injury, one; insulting women, two; threatening to commit murder, two.

Colored Mobs Lynched Two Negroes.

In many of the cases the lynchings followed the arrest or conviction of the victims on the charges made against them. In other cases the victims met death while endeavoring to escape from pursuing posses. In two cases the negro victims were lynched by mobs composed of members of their own race. In almost every case the victim was summarily hanged or shot without burning at the stake, such as accompanied these acts of summary vengeance in former years.

In the foregoing record the word "lynching" has been held to apply only to the summary punishment inflicted by a mob or by any number of citizens on a person alleged to have committed a crime for which that person should have been tried according to law. This limitation excludes a number of cases reported during the year, such as the race war which occurred near Slocum, Texas, last August, in which eight or 10 negroes were killed.

VOTE BUYING IN OHIO

Special Prosecutor Says He Will Run Down Every One.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

West Union, Dec. 27.—"We've been using a harrow thus far and a good many culprits have slipped between the teeth, but when we have gone over the county we shall go back over the same ground and use a fine-tooth comb. Nobody will get away who has been concerned with the purchase and sale of votes."

This statement by Special Prosecutor Stephenson, in charge of presentation to the Adams county grand jury of the cases against persons engaged in the buying and selling of votes, has caused consternation among hundreds of citizens who thought that because they had not been caught in the first dragnet their cases had been overlooked.

They did not realize the thorough and systematic plan which Judge Blair had adopted in this investigation, the far-reaching extent of which is only just now beginning to be fully understood.

752 Indictments So Far.

Before the work of the grand jury is concluded the expectation is that at least 1,500 and possibly 2,000 Adams county voters will be disfranchised. That this will mean a loss of pluralities to either of the dominant parties is not anticipated. Thus far Republicans and Democrats have been affected alike, and the balance is expected to be preserved to the end.

The grand jury this morning reported 124 indictments found yesterday. With the 87 reported yesterday morning this makes a total of 752 in all. Of these more than 220 have pleaded guilty and every few minutes men hurry before Judge Blair to take their medicine.

West Union is 14 miles from the nearest railroad, the only railroad in the county in fact, and is a long, cold drive anywhere to the county seat.

State Examination.

Gov. Harmon has determined upon a state investigation of vote buying in this county and those which surround it. In a telephone message to Judge Blair the governor said he would recommend that a special committee from the state legislature visit southern Ohio to make further inquiry into the charges of bribery.

Appearance of E. W. Crawford, state printer and former editor of a West Union newspaper, as a witness before the special grand jury yesterday was a feature of the probe.

Thought No Wrong Done.

The probe has brought out the fact that so common has been the selling of votes and so long has it been the custom in Adams county, that many who are counted strictly honest have seen no wrong in taking money for voting the way some leader or committeeman asked them to vote. This has been especially true of the class of men who pleaded guilty yesterday.

Thirty-five Manchester men will be in court today to plead to the charge of accepting or giving election bribes. All these men have been indicted and it is presumed they will all plead guilty. They are all prominent, several of them being veterans of the civil war. Incidentally, these men have the support of Manchester people in keeping their names out of print and will probably remain unknown to the public outside of Adams county until the bribery scandal is all ended. The newspaper editors of West Union and Manchester have been warned to keep the names out of print or leave the county immediately.

Drive Far to Court.

Several parties that arrived here this morning had driven all night from their homes in remote townships. So far there have been but two men who have pleaded not guilty to the indictment. One of these is Thomas Poe, a young farmer of Monroe township. He declares that he never sold his vote and defies the court to prove it. The other is John Sofer, an 85-year-old negro, an ex-slave, who has always voted the Republican ticket and who appears deeply hurt that his honesty should be impugned.

Both men are held in bail for trial by jury. Those who confess are still being given the stiff dose of a suspended six months' workhouse sentence and disfranchisement for five years, with fines ranging from $5 to $25.

Judge Blair is allotting the fines in proportion to the financial standing of culprits and the amounts they are supposed to have received for their votes. He has added several more to the list of wealthy land owners who have pleaded guilty, but whose sentences he is holding off while he determines how hard he ought to soak them.

One of the circumstances that is making it easy for the court is the fact that Judge Blair "has the goods" on a large proportion of indicted men and they know it. In the temperance and anti-gambling crusades of which Judge Blair has been the head, there have been scores of detectives engaged in getting evidence, and the judge has in his possession lists of names of persons who have been involved in illicit liquor selling and gambling houses which include a large number from every part of the county.

He has let it be known that the information will be used against any indicted man who attempts to evade the processes of the law, which accounts for the eagerness with which they are flocking to court to "fess up."

THIS WOMAN IS LEFT WITH TWO HUSBANDS.

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 27.—The divorce decree granted to James L. Powell on November 1 and set aside three days later, following the marriage of Mrs. May Louise Powell to C. Frederick Ekfelt, was finally annulled today when Circuit Judge Muench dismissed the reopened divorce suit.

The court's action leaves the woman with two husbands. Judge Muench declared his decision to be due to evidence of collusion of the Powells. He offered no suggestion as to Mrs. Powell's means of extricating herself from her matrimonial tangle. Powell and Ekfelt are prominent in business circles.

ALARM CLOCKS PLEASE W. H. TAFT FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Washington, Dec. 24.—Charley Taft will not have to get up by an alarm clock, but a number of his father's friends will. The president, like all other American citizens, has to play Santa Claus to a few friends.

The president's ambitions run to clocks—alarm clocks at that. He bought a number of them for his friends. Mr. Taft gets up about 6 o'clock in the morning to swing dumbbells and take his exercise and he figures out the same program for his friends. The alarm clocks selected were not the ordinary garden variety of sleep disturbers, but leather incased clocks with musically inclined bells. After the president had bought his full of these clocks he proposed an additional one for Charley, the White House hopeful. But Mrs. Taft said they had enough so the president buttoned up his overcoat and walked out of the shop.

Matters of state made the president one of the tardy shoppers. Altogether he has devoted three afternoons to the task, which was not a small one by any means. Yesterday Capt. Butt, the president's aid, carried 35 of the chief magistrate's cards with him, but they were all exhausted before the president was willing to leave the holiday counters and the captain had to make a hurried trip to the White House in an automobile for more cards to go with the various remembrances.

Mr. Taft is one of those who believes more in the sentiment of Christmas giving than in the intrinsic value of the gifts themselves. As a consequence he does not confine himself to a small coterie of relatives and friends, and his gifts mount up into the hundreds. When he starts on a tour of the shops he goes just like any other holiday buyer armed with a long list of names and probable purchases.

Outside of the large circle of relatives and friends, the president gives presents to the various White House clerks. He also presents turkeys to the married employes.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men---FREE

Send Name and Address Today ---You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with rep